

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Published every week.
\$1.50 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office of New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

VOLUME XI.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1882.

NUMBER 45.

POETRY

When Mothers Watch.

When mothers watch beside their children's cradles,
And kiss the snowy brows and golden hair,
They do not see the future that is coming,
Though life is made of grief, and pain, and care.

But God is good to all the tender mothers,
He veils the future with its pain and sin,
Though sometimes fears may dim the present gladness,
Yet never can they quench the hope within.

Yes, God is very good to tender mothers,
They see no thorns upon the golden head
Of him who plays among life's earliest roses,
That bloom a fleeting hour and then are dead.

Yet she, the model of all earthly mothers,
Was never spared the pain of knowing this:
That, though the Christ-child played with blossoming roses,
The Cross must come for all her prayerful bliss.

To look—He slept—upon His snowy eyelids,
And knew that they should close upon the Tree.
To gaze upon His smooth and stainless forehead,
And know that there great drops of blood should be;

To catch His dimpled hands and softly warm them,
As mothers do, between her own, was pain,
She felt the nail-prints on their velvet surface,
She could not save her Lamb from being slain.

When mothers watch beside their children's cradles,
And dream bright dreams for them of joy and fame,
Let them remember Mary's trust through anguish,
And ask all blessings through the Holy Name.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

STORY TELLER.

A Little Coward.

That is what Miss Merivade had called her that morning when she trembled and turned pale because the black mare reared with her. She begged Sir Robert to take her off, and stood in ignominious safety while Agatha Merivade mounted Stella and rode triumphantly down the avenue.

She was a coward. She did not deny it, was sometimes very much ashamed of it. But no one had seemed to mind it, until Agatha Merivade came, with her bold, dark eyes and her dashing ways, her riding and hunting and shooting; and everybody admired Agatha so much, even Sir Robert!

She almost hated Agatha! You see, until and Agatha came, they had been so happy at De Rosset. Little orphan Madeline Leigh had never been so happy in her life as here at the hall with sweet Lady de Rosset, who was her guardian, and her son, Sir Robert. They were so kind and good to her. They petted her and loved her so. And now Agatha had come, and for two weeks had monopolized Sir Robert and kept the house in a turmoil of gaiety, and laughed at Lina, and made her life wretched.

Lina's maid reported that everybody said Sir Robert was to marry Miss Merivade. Lina made a stern resolve that she would run away from the hall when that event took place. Run away! She would run away now! Not far, though—she was too much of a coward to venture far into the world alone; but she would go away across the fields to Aunt Margaret's, as she called Lady de Rosset's widowed sister-in-law, who lived in a quiet, comfortable house a mile away from the hall.

Mrs. Harrington was an invalid, paralyzed and confined to her bed. She was rather a grim old lady, and most people were inclined to shun her; but sweet, bright little Lina won her way into the old lady's heart, and was always welcome at the lodge. Yes, she will run away to Aunt Margaret's, and perhaps when she was missed, Sir Robert might feel a moment's uneasiness about her. Seizing her hat and a light shawl, she flew across the park, calling Leo, Sir Robert's pretty colley, to go with her. Lina did not like to cross the fields alone, being possessed by a great terror of bulls; but with Leo she would not mind it so much.

Leo was calmly taking a nap on the front portico, but he started up and raced after her with a joyous bark, but at the little gate that led from the park into the fields, Lina was greatly disconcerted by an unexpected encounter with Sir Robert and Miss Merivade, who came laughing and talking along the path, both looking bright and handsome in the golden rays of the setting sun.

She brushed past them with a

hasty "Good evening," but Sir Robert turned back to speak to her. "Where are you going, Lina?" he asked.

"To Aunt Margaret's," she answered, not looking at him. "Alone, Lina, are you not afraid? If you will wait a little while, I will go with you," Sir Robert said, looking down kindly at the girl's flushed cheeks and averted eyes.

"No, thanks," Lina answered, hastily. "I will not trouble you. Leo will take care of me. And you would be late for dinner if you went with me."

"May I come for you, then, after dinner?" Sir Robert asked.

"Thanks, I am not coming back. I shall stay all night," was the hurried answer, and Lina turned to go. But Sir Robert detained her for a moment.

"Lina," he said, in a low tone, "what makes you avoid me so lately? What have I done to offend you?" Lina raised her blue eyes hastily to his one moment, and then dropped them again.

"I have not avoided you," she said coldly. "You have been very much occupied with—other people. There, I will not detain you."

She waved her little hand haughtily, and walked away from him. He watched the pretty, white-robed figure for a moment, and then Leo came and fawned on him.

"Leo, Leo!" called Lina's voice. "Go, Leo," said his master, and the obedient dog trotted off down the path after the girl.

It was rather dreary at the "lodge" that evening. Mrs. Harrington was out of humor, because her agent had failed to call that day to receive a thousand pounds that she wished to deposit for her. And Parkins, her nurse and house-maid, let the maid-servants all go off to the fair in the village, where they would certainly get into mischief. Mrs. Harrington said.

But when Lina had talked to her and made her laugh a little, she forgot her grievances, and chatted away very pleasantly. At ten o'clock she declared that she had laughed till she was tired, and Lina must give her drops, and let her go to sleep.

"There! the spoon is gone. Where can Parkins have put it? Child, would you mind running down into the pantry and bringing me a spoon? I would ring for Parkins, but she told me she wanted to get up some muslins this evening, and would come up as soon as she had finished."

Lina did not altogether like to pass down the long stairs and silent entries leading to the pantry, but she went, and Leo trotted after her. As she stood in the pantry looking around for the spoons, with no light but a faint gleam from a hall lamp, a sound of low voices caught her ear.

The pantry was on the ground floor, its iron-barred, shuttered window looking into the garden. The sound was outside the window, and Lina paused to listen. The first words that caught her ear startled her:

"A thousand pounds and all the old woman's jewelry and plate?" said a man's voice, in a husky undertone.

"Yes," was the reply, in a woman's voice—the voice Lina knew, of Parkins, Mrs. Harrington's model, soft-voiced, lady-like nurse—"and there won't be any trouble about it, because I have let the women go away to stay all night, and sent the gardener on a fool's errand to Misses Brothers, twenty miles off."

"But this girl that came to-night—what about her?" asked the man.

"Oh, she will go to her room presently, if she is wise. She'd be no hindrance anyway—a silly, timid little thing. But it's as well to let her get out of the way," said Parkins, coolly.

"But, see here, Molly, why not do it now? Then we'll have more time to get away before daylight," said the man.

"I tell you it's not safe before 11 o'clock," Parkins said, positively. "People may come in. Whenever this girl is here they do come. Sir Robert doesn't let her out of his sight for long, and that idiotic young Marsden may come mooning in. Wait till half past eleven, and the west door here will be open. And Jim, look here. When you get this swag, you are to take me with you—your wife, mind."

The voices grew fainter. Evidently the speakers were moving from the house. But Lina had heard enough. Sick with terror, she leaned against the pantry wall for a moment and tried to think. What did it all mean! Robbery, murder! And no help near. Her first instinct was to fly out of the

house across to the hall. But her absence would be instantly discovered, she knew, but poor Aunt Margaret would be alone with those wretches. No, she must not go. But to stand here idle would do no good. She flew like a bird along the halls and upstairs, Leo racing by her side. At Aunt Margaret's door she paused, and a sudden thought came to her. She would send Leo home for help.

"Where is the spoon child? How long you staid. Good heavens! what is the matter?" cried the old lady, as she saw girl's white terrified face. Lina began some evasive answer, but instantly remembered that Aunt Margaret must be told the whole story, or nothing could be done to save her. She did tell it, and Aunt Margaret listened in silent consternation, and then burst out impetuously with—

"Good heavens, child! Why don't you run right home!"

"Because I know Parkins would be up here in a few minutes and find I was gone, and then—"

"Ah, well. So you stayed to save the old woman if you could. What are you doing, child? Why don't you lock the door and pile things against it? If I were able to rise out of this bed!"

But Lina did not speak for a moment. She had found a pencil and paper and was rapidly writing a few words. When she had finished—

"Now," she said, "when Parkins comes tell her I am to sleep on her couch here in your room, and she must go somewhere else. I will be back in a moment. Leo!"

Out of the room she darted, and down to the hall door, which she unbarred and passed through. Then, kneeling in the shadow of a pillar on the portico, she tied the note tightly in her handkerchief round Leo's neck.

She put her arms around his neck after that, kissed his forehead, and a half-sob escaped her.

"Is that you, miss?" said a smooth voice from the hall. "Why, what are you doing in the dark there?"

Lina sprang as if she had been shot, speaking quickly, though the throbs of her heart shook her frame. "He is restless here without his master. Go home, Leo—straight home, sir!"

The dog with one one farewell lick of her hand, bounded down the steps and vanished in the dewy darkness of the summer night.

"Oh, God! let him go safely and swiftly!" prayed the girl in her heart.

Then she went in and helped Parkins bar the door, and they went together up stairs.

Aunt Margaret lay very quietly on her pillow, with her dark eyes gleaming.

"Parkins," she said, steadily, as they entered, "Miss Leigh is kind enough to stop with me here to-night. She will sleep on your couch, and you, poor soul, can go and get a good night's rest in another room."

Parkins was silent for one instant, and then began a series of smooth, polite, expostulations, which no one would heed, and finally the civil nurse prepared the couch for Lina and took herself off, observing, sweetly:

"If Miss Leigh will leave the door ajar, I can hear a call from this room, and will come instantly."

"Thanks, Parkins, but I hope I shall not have to call you," said Lina, speaking as sweet as Parkins herself.

Then as she glided to the door as soon as it was closed, she turned, with a face of dismay, and whispered:

"The key is gone! Parkins took it when she was fidgeting in and out with the sheets and pillows."

"There is a bolt besides," Aunt Margaret answered.

Lina slipped the bolt into the groove, and felt that she had some little protection against the enemy.

"Now, child," Aunt Margaret said. "Can you use a pistol?"

"I never touched one in my life," said the little coward. "But if I had one now, I would try."

"Very well. Take my safe-key—it is under my pillow—and unlock the safe. There are two pistols there, loaded. They are just as my husband left them a year ago, but Robert looked at them a few days ago, and said they were all right. That is it. Put one of them on the foot of the bed, and if those wretches come, try, my dear, to use it. Now, put the other here, by my left hand. Thank God! I can use that a little. Now, what are you doing? Oh, yes; pile up all you can against the door. There, you can't move anything else. Now come here, little girl; kneel

down by me, and we will say our prayers together."

With the old lady's thin, pallid hand clasped tight in her two cold, trembling little ones, Lina knelt down there, and burying her face in the pillow, tried to pray.

Her petition was not a very coherent one; it was only a wild, passionate cry for pity and help, and meantime she was listening, with every nerve strained, for sounds from the outside. A lamp burned in the room. On the mantelpiece a softly ticking clock marked the slow minutes. No other sound broke the stillness.

Presently a sob shook the girl's figure. She was thinking of Sir Robert and his tender care over her. Oh, if she had only not been so wayward and proud this evening, all would have been well! He would have come for her, and they would have been safe.

But, surely, he would come yet! He could not fail to find the note, and she knew he would come to save her. But yet horrible doubts came to her as to whether the note would reach him! It might be lost, or Leo might wander about and not get home until it was too late.

Too late! Lina shuddered and sobbed again as she thought what that might mean. Oh, it was hard to think of dying so helplessly, so horribly, with help so near.

The long minutes crept on, and no sound came until 11 o'clock had passed. The little clock softly chimed the half-hour. Then, in a few moments, came a sound of stealing footsteps in the passage, and the knob of the door was softly turned.

Breathless silence in the room! Then a gentle tap at the door. Lina clasped Aunt Margaret's hand convulsively, and the old woman spoke.

"What is that?" she asked steadily. "It's me, Parkins, ma'am. Would you ask Miss Leigh if she will kindly open the door? I have the toothache, and want some laudanum."

"What a devil it is!" whispered Aunt Margaret. Then aloud: "Go down stairs and get something, Parkins. I cannot trouble Miss Leigh."

Lina hoped that Parkins would urge the question a little. Anything to prolong the parley and gain time. "Ladies, there's no use making a row. Just opened the door peacefully and you sha'n't be hurt. We'll break it down if you don't."

"What do you want?" Lina asked, hoping still to gain a little. A new and gruff voice answered, insolently:

"You know well enough what we want, miss. We want the thousand pounds and the diamonds, and we mean to have them. So don't be a fool, but just open the door peacefully, or you'll be sorry."

Lina sprang to her feet, and seized the pistol. A flood of color rushed to her cheeks and brow. She had been insulted and threatened. She went toward the door and called out quick and clearly:

"You're not coming in. I have sent for help. Sir Robert and his men will be here directly. I am armed, and if you do break the door down, I will shoot you like a dog."

A moment's silence followed, then a coarse laugh, and—

"All gammon. You hadn't no one to send. Break the door down," in Parkins' voice; and heavy blows began to fall upon the door. It trembled and cracked beneath the battery. A panel broke, and a man's hand was thrust in; the whole door was about to fall when—bang! bang! came two reports from Lina's pistol, and a couple of bullets crashed through the panels, and the besiegers paused abruptly.

"Go away instantly," called the girl's clear voice, "or I will fire again."

"One more rush, mate, and we are in," yelled the gruff voice outside.

What followed was wild tumult and confusion: the crash of breaking panels and bolts, the fall of the door and of the furniture. Lina had piled against it, shot after shot from Lina's pistol, a yell of pain and rage from both of them. The door was down. One of the men was in the room. Lina had fired her last shot, and, running to the bed, snatched Aunt Margaret's pistol, and turned to face the enemy. Suddenly came a wild shriek from Parkins. Then a voice calling "Lina, Lina! I am coming," and Sir Robert de Rosset hurried himself bodily upon the ruffian outside the door, prostrated him, and sprang into the room over his body. And this is what he saw: Madeline Leigh, the "coward" with blazing eyes and

scarlet cheeks, and a pistol in her hand, standing unflinchingly between Aunt Margaret and a burly ruffian; and Aunt Margaret herself, who had not turned in her bed for a year, standing on her feet on the floor. Two seconds changed the aspect of affairs. After that the burglar sprawled senselessly on the floor. Aunt Margaret sank back on her bed with a wild, "Thank God!" and the little heroine of the scene lay in Sir Robert's arms, in a dead faint.

"Oh, Robert, why didn't you come sooner?" she murmured half an hour afterward, when she opened her eyes and met his.

"Don't you know I came as soon as I found your note!" he said. "Leo went to my room, and I found him there when I left the drawing-room after eleven o'clock."

"Where are those dreadful men?" Lina asked, raising her head dizzily and looking around with a shudder. "Never mind them, dear. They were taken by the men who followed me. My brave little darling! What a heroine you are!"

Two months later, when Parkins and the men were brought to trial, Aunt Margaret walked into the witness-box, and gave in her testimony with grim directness and self-possession. Lina gave hers with much trembling and some tears; but she looked intensely lovely, and no one wondered that Sir Robert was going to marry her.

The crowd around the door gave her three cheers as she left the court room, walking between Sir Robert and his mother, and three more for Sir Robert, and then three more for Leo, who followed them.

And Aunt Margaret's wedding present to Lina was the thousand pounds and the diamonds that had been saved by the courage of "the little coward."

ON THE ROAD.

A DEAF-MUTE IN THE IOWA PENITENTIARY—OTHER PERSONALS.

While we were at Fort Madison, Ia., we met Mr. Alex. Luckey, of Corning, Ia. He is in poor health, and is travelling in the chromo business in hope of benefitting his health. He attended the Indiana and Illinois Schools, and told us many interesting news of both Schools. He went with us to the Fort Madison Penitentiary to see a deaf-mute locked up there. We were kindly welcomed by the officers, and shown into the office.

The young man, in prison garb, was called in, and we had a long talk for about three hours. We found his name to be James McGee, alias James Avery. He was arrested and convicted for burglary and safe-blowing. He was connected with a gang, who induced him to do the business for them. One of his pals was caught, and is now in the Anamosa prison. He is about twenty-three years old, and short in stature. He says he attended the New York and Pennsylvania Schools, but ran away, and also ran away from home when quite young. He is very quick and smart, and talks very intelligently.

He works at the shoe trade in prison. He has served one year and a half already, and his time is out next July 4th. He asked us a great deal about the outside world, and particularly about John C. Cox, Mike Smith, John Breen and—Taylor, whom, he said, were once his companions.

We also saw Fred. Davis at Madison. He attended the Council Bluffs School before the great fire destroyed the buildings. He is married to a fine mute lady whose father is wealthy. He has a cigar store at West Point, twelve miles from Madison. Mr. Oliver Brown, who also attended the Council Bluffs School, lives near there on a farm. He owns a fine horse and colt. He comes to visit Miss Lina Snook, at Madison.

Mr. W. G. Diver lives near Dallas City, Ill., seven miles from Fort Madison. He attended the Indiana Institution in the old building when it was first founded by Prof. Willard; and during the superintendency of the late James S. Brown in the new building. He told us many interesting stories about the old scholars and old times. He also attended the Illinois Inst. for two years, and has a dozen pictures of graduates at the reunion five years ago, hanging on the wall. He refers to them with great pleasure. He owns one half of the farm with his brother, who can hear and has a family. He is himself an old bachelor, living with his brother. For the past three years they have

had very bad luck in the overflowing of the Mississippi River over the farm nearly half a mile away, and destroying their wheat and corn. They also lost two horses by disease. His brother was in the war, and is nearly an invalid, so he cannot do any work. Mr. Davis has to do all the work and rents out part of the farm.

Mr. Davis told me that one half of the old scholars, who were at school with him before the year 1850, in Indiana, are dead, and the rest scattered. By looking in the old register of the Institution, the names of these old scholars will be seen, such as P. A. Emery, Nurdyke, Leap, Underwood, Kepner, Owens, Goodwin; Misses White, Livings, Edmister, Day, Angell, Alley, Ford and many others; that have escaped his memory. He left the Indiana School in 1856, and went to Illinois, where he has resided ever since. He takes the *Deaf-Mute Advance*, and *Pomeroy's Great West*, published in Denver, Col., by M. M. Pomeroy, and has his own reasons for subscribing for those papers.

JUDGE DECOURSEY.

Oct. 14, '82.

SELF-CONTROL.

We laugh at the story of the child who, waiting the moon for a plaything, cried because his wish could not be gratified; but have we any right to laugh? I think not. Man, no matter how old or learned he may be, is still, in a great many respects, only an infant. He has many a wish which he cannot gratify, and although perhaps he does not exactly cry, still he grumbles, which is worse, because he cannot get what he wants.

Our passions and affections are given us for use, and as long as they are kept in proper bounds are very good things. We should make them our servants, and on no account allow them to be our masters. A man who allows his passions (it does not make any difference which one—we have a great many different kinds) to overcome him is a slave, and his servitude is harder than that of the negroes used to be in the South, for his master is always with him, and always on the watch. It may be impossible to eradicate the master or passion, but still it can be controlled, and the longer we try to control it, the easier it will become, whereas, the longer we indulge it, the harder it will be to overcome.

Take nervousness, for example. A great many men are very nervous. I know some that fairly dance from pure nervousness when they cannot make themselves understood instantly. They have never endeavored to control themselves, and so their nerves have got the better of them. In times of danger and trouble, they are about as useful as infants, because they lose all control of themselves. We praise men who, in battle, walk as coolly up to a loaded cannon which is about to be discharged at them as they would walk up to their partner in a dance. We say they know not what fear is. One of the bravest warriors who ever lived—General Morgan, of Revolutionary fame—was a man of this description. Let us read what he says about courage himself: "Ah," he would often exclaim when talking of the past, "people said old Morgan never feared—they thought old Morgan never prayed—they did not know old Morgan was often miserably afraid." He said he trembled at Quebec, and in the gloom of early morning, when approaching the battery at Cape Diamond, he knelt in the snow and prayed, and before the battle at the Cowpens, he went into the woods, ascended a tree, and there popped out his soul for protection. Another warrior, on hearing a man say that he did not know what fear was, replied: "He that does not know what fear is, is a fool!"

Our lives often depend upon our acting with promptness and decision, and how can we act if we allow our nerves to get in such a state that we run all over at the first appearance of danger? I once read of a celebrated officer, who was found in his room with his sword drawn, and trembling all over with fright, while facing him quite as frightened as he was, stood—a cat. The officer was as brave as most men, but had a nervous horror of cats. The only difference between a brave man and a coward is often that the former controls his nerves with a firm will, while the latter gives way to panic terror.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

Notes for the Thoughtful.

I heard one say so, is half a lie. Adhere rigidly and undeviatingly to truth; but while you express what is true, do so in a pleasing manner. There is one quality which all men have in common with the angels—blessed opportunities for exercising mercy.

Good manners are the only oil with which to keep the complex machinery of social life in good working order. Whatever discoveries one may have made in the domain of self love, there still remains much territory unexplored.

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you would love to treat yourself.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness.

How few of us realize as we rise each morning and commence our usual avocations, that we are one day nearer our final home.

Success is the key-note of popular praise. The voices that hail your triumph may be the very ones that discouraged you most when struggling.

A man's fortune is frequently decided by his first address. If pleasing, others at once conclude he has merit; but if ungraceful, they decide against him.

Disorder in the drawing room is vulgar; in an antiquary's room, not. The black battle stain on a soldier's face is not vulgar, but the dirty face of a house-maid is.

When we have practiced good actions awhile they will become easy, and when they become easy we begin to take a liking to them, and when they please us we do them frequently.

The finer the nature, the more flaws will show through the clearness of it. The best things are seldom seen in their best form. This is not always the most perfect which remain so.

The poor are only they who feel poor, and poverty consists in feeling poor. The rich, as we reckon them, and among them the very rich, in a true search would be found very indigent and ragged.

The truly great consider first how they are to gain the approbation of God, and secondly, that of their own conscience; having done this, they would then willingly conciliate the good opinion of their fellowmen.

Never put a false construction on a man's words; it is a sort of treachery. A sentence may sometimes be twisted in many ways, and to accuse a man of saying that what he never intended to say, is a mean way of taking advantage.

Fashion Notes.

Old-fashioned delaine has appeared greatly improved.

Turban hats are trimmed with the feathers of as many different birds as possible.

Silver bracelets have a very narrow ring around the wrist, from which hang old coins of gold and silver.

Velvet and brocade basques will be worn with every kind of skirts this season, and they are very handsome.

India camel's hair borders, like those used on India shawls, are fashionable trimmings for dark cashmere dresses.

Dark red cloth costumes are braided with black soutache, set on in relief, in designs representing bunches of grapes.

Poppy-red is in fashion for cloth and cashmere dresses, and imported blue cashmere dresses are trimmed with bands of poppy-colored velvet.

Handsome black costumes have a long redingote of terry velvet with heavy reps, and a plain velvet skirt trimmed with two narrow flounces of Spanish lace.

Tabliers of lace covered with colored silk needlework, satin cords, colored beads, and the new embroidery made of ribbons are used on satin and colored silk trained dresses for dinners and receptions.

New dresses are less clinging to the figure than they have been for years. Skirts are cut to give a fuller appearance and the puffed drapery is very large, as it is mounted on a cushion of hair sewn to the skirt lining.

Rich brocades or corded silk with plush or velvet spots of large size will not lose favor this winter. They will be used for the skirt or overdress, in combination with a plain material, but not for an entire dress.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 1623 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 12.50. If not paid within six months, 2.50. These prices are invariable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

It has often been remarked that deaf-mutes expect to receive a great deal more than they are justly entitled to. If they are in company they expect an undue amount of attention, if in trouble, an unlimited amount of sympathy and help, and, in a working capacity, an exaggerated appreciation of their usefulness from employers and others. How much of truth there may be in this, we leave it to the deaf-mutes themselves to judge. There is certainly some grounds for believing that in many cases it is true. A few years ago, we read an article written by a prominent deaf-mute of this State, in which he attributed this characteristic to the early training which deaf-mutes receive; that they get board, tuition, clothing, medical attention, etc., free of all charge, and that after living seven or eight years in such an atmosphere of attention and help, their capacity for receiving favors becomes almost inexhaustible. Deaf-mutes are ever ready to cry out at the least suspicion of injustice, but they are not half so ready to render strict justice to others. There are hundreds of deaf-mutes who have been imposed upon and maltreated by unprincipled people with whom they have been employed, yet there are not a few instances of maltreatment and injustice in which deaf-mutes have been the principals. If we would have others be just towards us, we must be just towards them. We must practice the golden rule in our every day lives.

If a deaf-mute perpetrates a mean or selfish act upon a defenceless hearing person, it will be sure to reflect upon our class, and in the quarter at least in which such an act is known, deaf-mutes will be regarded as beings without feeling or conscience and possessed in a superlative degree of selfishness and meanness. We know a case or two which would illustrate the above, but will mete out that charity to the offenders which they do not deserve, and pass it by. Plain talk like this may be disagreeable to some, but it is more wholesome and will be more valuable, if heeded, than a dozen columns of that ill-considered flattery which so often is misnamed encouragement.

There will be a meeting next Tuesday evening in the basement of St. Ann's Church, New York City, for the purpose of considering and probably organizing a "Guild" to render aid to unfortunate and worthy deaf-mutes. It is not proposed to make it a protective and aid society to which deaf-mutes can apply for aid in securing work and rely upon for support until work is secured. As we understand it, laziness will not be encouraged in any way, and in every case where assistance is rendered, a thorough investigation will be made to see if it is one which properly deserves alleviating. However, the proceedings of the meeting will be given in the JOURNAL, and all who feel interested in the movement and have been unable to be present, can form their opinions therefrom. In the meantime, we hope all who can will be present, and render as much aid as possible in the solution of a problem which has for its object the relieving of deaf-mutes in distress through the charity of their more fortunate brethren.

Two more victims to the railroad walking mania are recorded in this issue. Comment is unnecessary.

NOTICES.

Services for Deaf-mutes in the chapel of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, corner of Clinton and Livingston Streets, on Sunday, Nov. 12th, at 3 P.M.

The Church Mission to Deaf-mutes.—The tenth anniversary of this Society will be held in Christ Church, 5th Ave. and 35th St., New York on Sunday, Nov. 12th, at 7.30 P.M.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Mr. L. Hendricks is working at the Joliet, Ill., steel works. He is a shoemaker, and gets \$1.80 per day.

A warm friend of Wm. A. Miles would like to know if he is now at Washington, D. C., or at home in Manayunk, Pa.

William Soldier desires to know if Mr. Tom Spy or Frankie Zell will organize a foot ball team in the Quaker City.

Fred Stratton, of New York City, will move his family to Pasco, N. J., this month. He has obtained a good place to work there.

The next meeting of the Twilight Union will be held at the residence of Mrs. Mattie Bailey, 407 East 116th St., on Saturday, the 11th inst.

An unusually large number of mutes were in attendance at the Guild meeting at St. Ann's Church, on Tuesday evening, October 31st.

Miss L. Doyle went to Chicago from St. Louis a few months ago, and has steady employment in a laundry. She is an intelligent young lady.

Geo. H. and John Wit-chief visited the JOURNAL office Thursday last. George is on a vacation. He returned to Hamburg, N. J., on Friday.

Mr. Lars Larson, of Chicago, Ill., delivered a lecture entitled "Modern Inventions," in Farewell Hall, on the evening of November 1st.

A skeleton of an Indian was found, while digging for the cottage to be erected, at Indian Neck, Ct., for President Galland, of the Deaf and Dumb College at Washington.

Two or three weeks ago, the Bergen, N. Y., Base Ball Club defeated the Mamford nine by the score of 9 to 7. John Lancer, a deaf-mute, is a member of the Bergen nine.

The father of Maggie Lancer, of Bergen, N. Y., recently got \$1,200 back pension. He bought a house and some land about a mile south of Bergen. Maggie says she is very glad they have a comfortable home.

William Foran, aged 72 years, was struck and killed at noon yesterday by a freight train on the Air Line road while crossing the iron bridge at a mile west of Williamstown, Ct. Foran was partially deaf, and he did not notice the train until it was close upon him.—Sun, Oct. 26.

Mr. Peter Radekopp, of St. Louis, Mo., has become a very kind and indulgent husband and father. His family is in a fair way of being in good circumstances once more. Mr. Radekopp is a whole-souled man. It is hoped that he will continue to provide amply for his family. It is so pleasant to see them happy again.

Ell Kelder, of Ellenville, N. Y., a graduate of the New York School, has secured a good job in a tannery. He traveled with a farmer with a three-horse team for two months. They threatened for a rich old deaf and dumb farmer for three days.

CANTON'S GREAT CITIZEN.—A life size crayon portrait of Silas Wright has just been finished by the talented local artist, Miss Clara P. Smith, and is on exhibition at the store of Booth Brothers, in this village. It is a most admirable likeness, and has the finished appearance of a steel engraving.—Canton (N. Y.) Commercial Advertiser.

Rev. Job Turner left Lancaster, Pa., for South on Monday, the 6th inst., and met Dr. Galland in Baltimore, Md., the same night. Dr. Galland lectured before a good sized deaf-mute audience on "Objects in Life," and Rev. Mr. Turner on "The Barren Fig-tree," saying that the objects must be true fruits. The former returned North, Tuesday morning, and the latter South the same time. During his three hours detention in York, Pa., Mr. Turner made a very pleasant call on his old friend Mrs. Barritz and her family. His time was so limited that they could not prevail upon him to stay with them several days longer.

An Octogenarian Solemnizes the Marriage of Two Deaf-Mutes.

Thursday evening, there was a remarkable wedding at the residence of Wm. H. Weeks, No. 22 Atwood street. Two deaf-mutes, Mr. S. Wilkinson and Miss Jane Morrow, both of Fall River, Mass., were led to the matrimonial altar and the ceremony was performed by the venerable Rev. W. W. Turner in the presence of 25 persons, mostly teachers and officers of the American Asylum.—Hartford Courant, Nov. 4.

MARRIED.

MCGINNIS—O'GARA.—At Providence, R. I., October 26th, 1892, by the Right Rev. Thomas P. Hendricks, bishop of Providence, Mr. Thomas McGinnis, of Columbia, Ohio, to Miss Nellie O'Gara, of Pawtucket, R. I.

MARTIN—WALKER.—At the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. McMillen, near Holly Grove, on last Sunday, Sept. 24th, by Rev. J. E. Gay, Mr. A. M. Martin and Miss Eunice Ewing Walks.

It was our pleasure to receive an invitation to the wedding of the highly contracting parties, but owing to sickness in our family we were unable to attend. But a few outside of the relatives were invited, and those present declared it was one of the happiest moments of their lives: to witness such a happy and loving couple joined together in the holy bonds of matrimony. The ceremony was particularly interesting, the couple being both deaf and dumb, and the marriage rites being solemnized in writing by the man of cloth. After the ceremony was performed, all repaired to the dining hall, where a glorious repast awaited them, and all did am- le justice to it. The groom is one of Batesville's most promising young men, having been a teacher in the Deaf-Mute Institution, at Little R-ec, prior to his removal to that place. Miss W. is one of Monroe's fairest daughters, being beautiful and well fitted to make any man happy, leaving out the unfortunate affliction that came to her while young. May they live long, be happy and prosperous is the wish of the Sun.—Batesville, (Ark.) Sun.

Henry Gormer is working on his father's farm in Otisville, Mich.

George E. Clarke is informed that we do not know the price of telescopes.

A friend of Mr. Melvin V. Collins wants to know if he is in Washington, D. C., or in Indiana.

Mr. Andrew Hath, of Rochester, Pa., is a good type-setter in Beaver, Pa. His wages are pretty good.

Patrick Connolly, of Beaver Falls, Pa., would like to know the address of Mr. Abraham L. Manning. He wishes to write to Mr. Manning.

It is reported that Mr. Campbell has left the Barr Printing House, where he has been employed for about three months or so, and obtained a better (7) place.

Mr. A. V. Bergquist, of Jamestown, N. Y., received a visit from his sister Mrs. Rev. J. M. Bray and her daughter, of Parker City, Pa., on Thursday last.

George W. Schutt, in accordance with his appointment, preached to a large number of deaf-mutes at St. Ann's Church, last Sunday, and his services were listened to with much interest and well-spoken of.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lewis invited J. R. Pimm and bride, Mr. Schutt, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, to tea at their house, and they had an enjoyable time elating. The next evening Mr. Fitzgerald requested them to visit his residence which they accepted.

Boston has just had a large and successful fair under the auspices of the deaf-mutes of the state, the object being to raise money for a mute's hospital. The manager of the enterprise was Geo. A. Holmes, a deaf-mute of Boston, who was educated in Hartford by Dr. Galland.—Hartford Courant, Nov. 3d, 1892.

Mr. James H. Caton says he regrets that he is obliged to give up his intended visit to Port Jervis to see Mr. Peter Wit-chief and his family next winter. He will be unable to give up his annual trip home, and he finds that he cannot leave his parents during the holidays.

Mr. Leininger, of West St. Louis, Mo., has a very pleasant and happy family. They are in a very comfortable circumstance. Mr. Leininger is a splendid housekeeper. They spent a very pleasant time out in the country about a week ago, visiting one of their friends.

M. J. Smith, of St. Louis, Mo., is soon to lead to the altar one of the loveliest girls in Tennessee. She is a beautiful brunette, very handsome in form, with a pair of sparkling blue eyes, and rows of pearl teeth. They will make a hand some couple. We congratulate him.

On Sunday, the 5th inst., Rev. Job Turner, missionary to deaf-mutes in the South, conducted a service at St. James' Church, Lancaster, Pa., where were assembled ten deaf-mutes, almost all of whom were formerly pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Philadelphia. He left Monday for the South and Mexico, to resume his work for the winter and spring.

On Wednesday evening, November 8th, Wm. P. Wade will deliver "The Tale of Leatherstocking," before the Boston Society. Mr. Wade worked for the Goldensky Furniture Co., at East Cambridge, Mass., for three and one half years. He is now working at Doe Brothers Furniture Establishment, in Boston. He is a cleaner and decorator.

During his sojourn at Concord Depot, Virginia, Rev. Job Turner was the guest of Hart M. Chamberlayne, as was Dr. Galland. Mr. C. treated them with unaffected Old Virginia hospitality. Rev. Mr. Turner joined in holy matrimony, Mr. Willie F. Johnston, of Richmond, and Miss Leonora Shearer, of Appomattox Co., at Old Concord Church, on Thursday, November 2d, where was assembled a good-sized congregation to hear Dr. Galland's speech and to witness the novel marriage.

Inquiries having been made by a large number of persons out of New York about the forthcoming grand Levee of the M. L. A., the public is herewith informed that the second grand Levee will take place on December 27th in Lyric Hall, Sixth Avenue, between 41st and 42nd Streets. We are happy to hear of the interest manifested by the public in the coming Levee, which promises to be largely attended. Full particulars for the information of the public, will be shortly published in the columns of the JOURNAL.

At the Episcopal Church in Frankfort, Ky., last Friday evening, was performed a novel wedding ceremony, joining together Mr. Campbell Casey and Miss Maggie McKee. Both are deaf-mutes, and the ceremony was performed in the sign language used by the deaf and dumb by the Rev. Mr. Eddy, of the Kentucky Institution for Deaf-Mutes. The ceremony was both interesting and impressive. The minister read the service the same as in ordinary cases, with the exception that signs were substituted for spoken words. The silent participants repeated after him in the same way. The signs used were in many instances very graceful and beautiful, and in case a word was wanted for which there was none it was spelled out on the fingers by the manual alphabet, forming local and fully connected sentences. Thus, without a word being heard, the happy couple left the altar man and wife.—Halla Times, Oct. 30.

A Deaf Mute Killed on the Track.

WILMINGTON, Del., Nov. 7.—Winder Locates, a farm laborer near Delmar, was killed by the cars yesterday afternoon, while walking on the track between Delmar and Laurel. He was a deaf-mute.

Wedding Bells.

As the saying "Happy is the bride the sun shines on" has been sanctioned by the authority of time and observation, unclouded happiness must be the future of Miss Kittle Beardsley, who was married to Mr. J. R. Pimm, of Wileton, on Wednesday, Nov. 1st at 1:30 P.M. The guests were limited to relatives and a few friends, who promptly assembled in Mrs. Beardsley's pleasant rooms, fragrant with the odor of tuberose, mignonette and roses, of which the floral decorations were chiefly composed. The wedding march from Lohencrien, played by Misses Beardsley and Fordyce, was the signal for the entrance of the bridal party. She solemn Episcopal marriage service was very impressively read by Rev. Mr. Casey of Aurora, assisted by Prof. Westervelt, of Rochester, who officiated as interpreter to the contracting parties. After an elegant repast had been served, the bride and groom took their departure, followed by the good wishes of their friends and also a shower of sweets, in order that their fulfillment might be certain. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful presents. The bridal pair have gone to New York for several weeks' sojourn, where they expect to return to their home at Wolcott, Wayne County.—Union Springs (N. Y.) Advertiser, Nov. 2.

Miss Sylvia B. Atkins, of North Chatham, Mass., recently returned from a three weeks visit to relatives in Boston. While there she attended a meeting of the deaf-mute society, and had the pleasure of meeting several mutes who were acquainted with her at school.

Messrs. Goss, Sawyer & Packard, of Bath, Me., launched, Saturday, a steam bark, named the George Homer, with a gross tonnage of 1024 tons; length, 224 9-10 feet; beam, 39 6-10; depth 20 9-10. The bark is owned by William H. Bessie and others of New Bedford, Mass.—Boston Herald, Oct. 31.

Mr. Julius G. Kraft and Miss Agnes Sartori, of Joliet, Ill., paid Chicago a visit on Sunday, October 22d. Mr. Kraft is a graduate of the Philadelphia Institution. Some time ago, he came from Reading, Pa., and will stay there. He works at the steel works, and is making good wages. Miss Sartori is a graduate of the Illinois Institution.

George Fancher, of Brice Station, Ohio, has raised thirty-two bushels of Burbank and Late Rose potatoes on not more than eighteen perches of ground. One of the Late Rose potatoes is the largest, the weight of which is one pound and eight ounces, and its length is eleven inches. It is shaped like a pair of wings; is called "Long John," because it is a long tuber.

The youngest pensioner in the United States is James W. Crandall, aged 15 years. He resides in Philadelphia. Crandall had a natural love for the sea, and his mother secured his enlistment in the United States Navy on March 21st, 1881. He was on board the United States steamer Constitution, and taken ill when off Cape Hatteras. For six weeks he suffered from typhoid fever. When he recovered he was as deaf as a post. The physicians thought it a case of the deaf to gain his discharge. To test him, he was placed on board of the ship's largest guns. Both were discharged at once. All expected to find the lad dead from fright, but he simply wrote on a piece of paper: "I think the deaf is a little, but heard nothing." He was discharged on April 11th, and through his lawyer and Pension Claim Agent W. P. Drenn, he succeeded in obtaining a pension of \$13 per month for life.—New York Sun, Sunday, Oct. 29.

Sailing Under False Colors.

Within the last few months this state has been visited by deaf-mutes representing themselves to be agents of the "Boston Society," "Day State Mission," and "N. H. Industrial School," soliciting contributions of money from respectable people and claiming to act in connection with the N. H. Institution for the same purpose.

Unfortunately they have used these names only as a means to solicit money. For no agents of the N. H. Institution is permitted to solicit money to be used either in or out of the state without authority from the chairman of the Granite State Deaf Mute Mission, who has refused these men certificates because of their character. What money they have collected, it is stated, has been used in dissipation and for their own personal use.—Mirror and American, Manchester, N. H., Nov. 1.

Commemorative Service in Honor of the Late Prof. Selah Wait.

D. W. George in the Deaf-Mute Advocate.

On the morning of Sunday, October 22, the pupils of the Illinois Institution assembled in the chapel as usual, to receive the regular Sabbath morning discourse. Nearly all of the teachers who at such times usually attend churches for the hearing occupied seats on the platform. The Bible stand and the Psalm book stand were draped in mourning;—so was one of the chairs that once was occupied by a teacher—a teacher whose fiery spirit moves no more within the frail tenement of clay.

Dr. P. G. Gillett offered prayer, and then he and Mr. Frank Read recited alternate verses from the Psalms, in which all present except Dr. Gillett followed Mr. Read. Dr. Gillett recited the Ten Commandments, in which all joined. Then, followed by all, he recited the beautiful creed which forms the common ground on which all Christians rest their faith. He closed with the doxology in which all joined. At the conclusion of this service, which Dr. Gillett makes a regular feature preceding the delivery of the discourse, Dr. Gillett announced that this day was set apart to call to memory the virtues of a good man who had gone before us to meet our Father and our God. The manly form of Mr. Selah Wait was in its accustomed place no more. A brief history of Mr. Wait was written on the wall slate, showing that he was born in Chenango county, N. Y., August 15, 1829, graduated from the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in 1848, was appointed teacher in the Illinois Institution in November, 1849, married Phebe Van Doren in 1858, died at Lincoln, Nebraska, July 30, 1882, and buried August 2d, in Diamond Grove Cemetery, near Jacksonville, Ill.

Miss Getty recited a hymn entitled "How blest is the righteous when he dies."

Dr. Gillett then introduced Mr. Frank Read who could speak of Mr. Wait from a long personal acquaintance, extending over the time when he, Mr. Read, was a pupil, and when he was Mr. Wait's colleague as a teacher. Mr. Read said that he had known Mr. Selah Wait for 28 years. It would be utterly impossible for him to do justice to the beauty, the sweetness, the nobility of his character. When he first came here, his attention was attracted to something in Mr. Wait—that he could not tell, unless it was that Mr. Wait was a good man. He early learned to look to Mr. Wait with trusting humility ready to profit by his example. Mr. Wait's firm, unyielding adherence to truth, to justice, to right, he confessed, sometimes became irksome to him, and a very mild rebuke from Mr. Wait was sufficient to make him feel ashamed of himself, and follow once more the straight path of duty. At his paternal fireside when he happened to want a "who-sign" for his father, he passed in mental review those who already had such signs until he

thought of one whom he loved and admired as a good man; he stopped at the name of Mr. Selah Wait. This good man, he said, had a sign made by crooking the fore fingers and placing the joints on the cheeks. It then occurred to him that two fingers placed the same way would make a capital sign for his father.

Even after he had completed his course of study here, he continued to look to Mr. Wait as his model man. He always respected his opinions, as he knew they were carefully and judiciously formed. He always considered him an earnest Christian, an untiring workman, and well worthy of imitation by all of our pupils. Our pupils need not fear that it is impossible for any of them to become such a man as Mr. Selah Wait. It is possible. The school in which Mr. Wait got his education and formed his character had not near so many advantages as we have now. All you have to do is to try, try, try, and keep on trying, as Mr. Selah Wait did. Mr. Read said this year was a hard one for him. He had lost his own father and then his beloved friend in quick succession. Mr. Wait one day inquired of him how his father was. "Gone sweetly and peacefully to his last sleep like an infant in his cradle," was the answer. "Oh that such a sleep were mine," was Mr. Wait's response. Mr. Read said he little dreamed how soon this prayer would be answered and this wish gratified. Yet how soon it was! Mr. Wait was one of the few whom the office sought before he sought office. In the infant days of our institution, when Thomas Officer needed a teacher, he wrote to the principal of the New York Institution asking for recommendations of young men of good education, good moral character and Christian principles. Mr. H. P. Post, then principal, said he could recommend two recent graduates: Mr. Weeks, now of Hartford, and Mr. Selah Wait. As Mr. Wait happened to be in Illinois at the time, he received the appointment.

Mr. John Wood, who has taught in this institution 19 years, was next introduced and spoke as follows:

Sometimes think the customs of Chinese are, in one respect at least, better than ours; for, when a person dies, the friends put on no gloomy black, but wear a cheerful white. The departed one has gone from earth's woes and sorrows to the happy land, he has laid down the cross for the crown, and why should there be mourning.

Our friend, our comrade, our father, Mr. Wait, has gone home. He is at rest far beyond time's troubles, and why should we grieve? We grieve not for him, but because of our loss. This black drapery merely speaks our sadness for ourselves—a sadness perhaps self-h, yet deep.

Others have told of their association with Mr. Wait. Mine began 19 years ago, when I first came as a teacher to this Institution. It was he who gave me my first lesson in signs. From that time until his death we have been friends and colleagues, and I have always found him a good-natured, an even-tempered, a kind and obliging, and an ever-helpful man and a true Christian. I remember many a Sunday evening spent at his house years ago, when in company with a little group, four of whom are now in heaven, we studied God's Word, and of that little band none was more earnest and devout in his search for the truth than Mr. Wait. How we shall miss him here at the Institution!

He was always so ready to assist; and how many of our best exhibitions owe much of their success to his patient training of the performers!

I have thought as I sat here this morning of one especially beautiful recitation given by four young ladies at the commencement in 1878, and which Mr. Wait took great pains in preparing. It was the sign-rendering of the familiar hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." And I have been thinking that now at last he has attained the wish of that prayer, and has been borne by angel wings to the presence of the Saviour and his God. Let us remember him—let imitate him—may, let us look higher for a model, and try to imitate rather the blessed Master whom he loved and served.

Dr. Harvey Milligan, who has taught in this Institution 14 years but who has recently resigned to accept a chair in Illinois College, whose campus almost adjoins the institution grounds, was introduced as one who lived next door to Mr. Wait. Dr. Milligan said that he could testify to two things concerning Mr. Wait, viz: that he was a good neighbor and a good citizen.

As a neighbor, he was ever pleasant, kind, obliging and helpful. The lesson which his life should teach us is to be good neighbors wherever we are.

As a citizen, he was ever ready to keep up in regard to current events and to keep himself prepared to give an intelligent opinion in regard to public affairs. He always cast his vote for good schools, good measures, and for men who favored them.

Mr. M. L. Brock, who commenced teaching in this institution in 1853, then came forward, and alluded to the teachers who met in convention here in 1853. Mr. Brock said that he was the only one of them now connected with the institution, and now a deaf spirit of loneliness came over him. It was twenty-four years ago that he first met Mr. Wait. The first impression formed was that Mr. Wait, though a deaf-mute, was "a man among men."

A long acquaintance proved the correctness of this idea. His was a manly character. Earnestness marked all his efforts. In the school room he was faithful; in the chapel he was zealous. Years ago he delighted to explain Bible history, with which he was thoroughly

familiar, and he always presented the different scenes in such a manner as to interest and instruct his audience.

When he told the "Story of the Cross," his own tears, and those of the deaf-mutes who eagerly drank in his silent eloquence, showed a heart warm with love for the Saviour.

Miss Cornelia Trask, who has taught in this institution 20 years, as teacher of articulation, said she had always admired Mr. Wait for his manly and noble qualities, and especially she admired the warmth, vigor, earnestness and pathos with which Mr. Wait explained the glorious truths of the Bible to the pupils. During the many years she sat a listener when he held forth in the chapel, she never failed to learn something from him. His prayers were always beautiful, showing the breathing of a true spirit of Christian piety and a love for God and his fellow men.

Miss Lavinia Eden, formerly a pupil in this institution, now a teacher, said that Mr. Wait had always exerted an influence upon her for good, and she had been accustomed to honor and respect him as a good man.

Miss Laura Sheridan said that Mr. Wait had always tried to exert an influence for good. He has left behind the noble example of his life. It behooves each and all of us to try and take his place. To be active in doing good as he was.

Dr. Gillett said he had come prepared to say a good deal concerning our beloved friend, whose bodily form is visible to us no more, but much that he intended to say had already been said. It can not be that our friend is dead—dead is not the word—he is sleeping—sweetly sleeping in Jesus' arms. He had seen Mr. Wait when his health was failing. He visited him at his home. He found him despondent. Mr. Wait became conscious that his days of active labor were drawing to a close. He was about to tender his resignation as a teacher. Dr. Gillett peremptorily ordered him to banish all thoughts about resignation. He told him that if his health was too feeble his name should remain on the list of teachers, and he should receive his full salary until he recovered. At another time Dr. Gillett found him in a still lower condition of health. He asked him if he was ready to die. He said: "O, yes, I should be so glad to rest at last, but one thing that troubles my spirit now is that I shall have to leave my children alone to the mercies of a cold world. Dr. Gillett told him not to feel troubled about that. God will take care of them. This comforting assurance relieved him greatly. Mr. Wait left behind five children, all of whom are now very comfortably provided for.

Miss Naomi S. Hatt then recited a hymn entitled "The Crowning Honor." Miss Annie Morse closed with prayer.

ST. LOUIS.

Mr. W. E. Guss and his bride left Philadelphia, via the B. & O. R. R. on the 16th inst., and arrived here safely on the 18th inst. Nothing happened to mar their pleasure trip. Just the day before their arrival, we heard rumors of their coming and that the happy parties were to be tendered a "reception" that evening. We felt a little sensitive on having received no invitation to the "reception" of our young friends, as it was to be held at Willie's mother-in-law's residence, and we thought they ought to do something to soothe our lacerated heart, just for the sake of human justice. We weren't going to act mean about it, however, and were bound to do the proper caper, if we lost our fifty-cent supper by it, so we rushed around, put on our evening clothes, had the toes of our shoes blacked so the holes wouldn't show, got our new smile down to the pitch that the people supposed we were about to be a jolly friend, Johnny Smith, started via Wash and Fifth streets to the Union Depot. We felt proud of our great clothes and clean shoes, but we never felt sadder on any happy occasion, or occasion for happiness, in our possession of existence. We started, but when we got down to Washington avenue where we wanted to take the street car for the depot, it had just gone down, and the next one was blocked and could not come for twenty minutes. We got awful uneasy for fear of being late. Like every one else, we are always in a hurry when we start for a train, and we feel sure we are going to get left if we have two hours start of it. While we were standing for the car, a hackman drove up and completely smeared our garments with mud, and that caused us to visit William Gudelfinger's Place for the purpose of cleaning up again, and we missed our car. When we got back to the corner, our "wraith" was there. He can scarcely be called a wraith, but he is an awful thin shadow for a man. His wife was with him, but that did not prevent our uneasiness of getting the better of us, for when we looked at the gun cover pants and half a la sac-sourrat coat, we thought if our hair was as red as his, we would sit out on the car track as a danger signal, and the conductor who saw us would rush right ahead and by that chance we would get at the depot before our friends had come. Our car came at last, and we boarded it, wraith and all, and when we reached the depot, the happy couple had come and gone home in a carriage a few minutes before, and we were of course doomed to disappointment. However, we can say that they were warmly welcomed at home, and if it had been known in

time that they were coming, our lads would have engaged a brass band to be on hand and have things done up in good style. They have since gone house-keeping, and the whole of St. Louis joins us in wishing them unlimited happiness for the future.

"Mr. Why," L.L.D., is his title now.

J. H. Wolf smiles all over his face. It is a new winter suit, but there is not any winter to hurt yet.

If Chicago had such a social club as ours, half the silent population of that sleepy village would be crazy in four weeks.

James McBain lately emerged from the Work House with an entire change of heart.

Eddie Hazzard, employed at the Vulcan steel works, sports a corn-cob pipe and is happy.

A. H. Kohlmeier and John Campbell were out angling at Long Lake, on the 15th, and succeeded in making a good haul.

Mr. D. A. Simpson is perhaps the happiest man in St. Louis. The newcomer's name is Miss Emma Macy, the newly appointed teacher, who reached here from Iowa three weeks ago. She is discharging her duties to the full satisfaction of both Simpson and the Board.

Miss Mattie B. Hitchison enjoyed a pleasant visit in this city, and returned home safe with the impression that the mutes of St. Louis are a hospitable and social set. Good Bye Mattie.

Friend of our heart adieu!
God keep thee in his care!
Receive this parting sigh,
And do not quite forget the few
Pleasant hours we enjoyed.
Adieu! Adieu!

Remember vanished the hours;
Let thy memory softly dwell
On some who thought of thee
With thoughts too deep to tell.
One whose friendship more steadfast
grew
Mid clouds and tears.
Adieu! Adieu!

"Mr. Spy," what about that lecture course you mentioned to Mr. Guss in Philadelphia? Get married, old fellow, get married, and have your mother-in-law come from Erie, Pa., to your house on a six months' visit, and that will be all the lecture you will clamor for some time.

J. T. Ellwell's reply to Miss Garret in reference to the "Oral System," was immensely immense in every sense of the word.

We saw the latest style of gent's suits last Sunday. Ask Mr. John Bowe, of O'Fallon Park, about it. We understand he has matrimonial designs on a mute lady of Hillsville, Mo.

On the 15th inst., over ten of our young folks took possession of Simpson De Mission and, of course, regaled Mr. and Mrs. Simpson with a big volume of "Free and finger music." Delos was what we would call a "talked to death man."

Henry McCamley wears the highest "stove pipe" hat of any one around here. "Does it cost nothing to be a gentleman, and if so, how can any one afford to be less?" was asked of us the other day. Well, there is a grave question; some minds as to what it takes to constitute a gentleman at this day. For instance, Look at Molasses Ferral, who thinks a nine cent cane, a plug hat and a cigarette, comprises all the necessary requirements.

Our thanks are due to some one at the Iowa Institution for a sample copy of the Deaf-Mute Hawk-eye. It is published at Council Bluffs, Iowa, and is brighter than ever before, and it's editor is one of the happiest writers we read after. Those Western mutes wishing the most value western mute sheet, should write to the Hawk-eye.

The maddest man in this city the other morning was the mute Peter Radekopp, who slipped on the crossing, and in trying to save himself, dropped a roll of butter he was carrying. He looked at it for a moment, picked it out of the mud and started up Bidle Street muttering to himself (he is able to talk in German) that it was good enough for his boarders any way.

NEW YORK.

The Organization of a Guild.

THE FAIR.

What is to be Seen There.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

The last two weeks of October were memorable ones for New York. First came the great six days' race which was a race of surprises. The three greatest athletes which ever appeared on the tan bark were vanquished. The race was a failure from a financial standpoint. In former years, the winner in one of these contests carried off from \$5,000 to \$15,000 as his share of the gate money, but in this race, after paying expenses, only \$700 was left to be divided among the walkers, one-half of which went to the winner.

The next thing was the arrival of Mrs. Langtry, the "Jersey Lily," of whom so much has been written. She is said to be the handsomest woman in England. She was to appear at Abbey's Park Theatre October 29th, but on the afternoon of that day, two hours before the performance was to have begun, the theatre was burned down. Mrs. Langtry witnessed the destruction of the theatre from her hotel, a few blocks off.

Another famous actress, who arrived during the same week is Christine Nilsson. Soon after, came Mme. Patti. Two days after the destruction of the Park Theatre, another theatre a dozen blocks distant went up in smoke. It happened, providentially, that no performance was in progress in either theatre at the time of the fires, otherwise there might have been scenes similar to that witnessed at the destruction of the Brooklyn theatre a few years ago.

On Tuesday, October 31st, despite the fact that it is Hallow Eve and crowds of hoodlums paraded the streets, covering every person who ventured out with flour, about thirty-five deaf-mutes ran the risk and assembled in the basement of St. Ann's Church to consider the organization of a Guild.

At 8 P.M., John Hogan mounted the stage and said that he had been appointed temporary chairman recently, but tendered his position to Mr. W. O. Fitzgerald, who accepted.

Mr. F., on suggestion of one of the deaf-mutes present, appointed John Hogan temporary secretary.

Rev. John Chamberlain stated the object of the Guild. He said that he undertook to organize a similar society as the one now under consideration a few years ago, but owing to lack of encouragement it fell through. He further said that he hoped his second effort would meet with more encouraging success.

The object of the Guild is to assist worthy deaf-mutes, help them to procure work, procure medical aid, if they were unable to do so themselves, when sick, and in other ways lend a hand in contributing to the general welfare of our class.

Mr. Chamberlain offered a copy of a constitution he had drawn up for approval. He suggested in the constitution that "any deaf-mute over 15 years of age can become a member by paying an initiation fee of 50 cents for men and 25 cents for women, but that only those who have been baptized in their respective religions can hold office or vote, all others to be associate members."

Mr. A. Ekardt objected to the latter part of it, as he wished all who were members to have a voice in all matters of the guild, as it would prevent ill-feeling among members.

Another clause was that the chaplain of St. Ann's Church should be president ex-officio. This called forth a great deal of talk. Nearly all those present were in favor of the Guild being a non-sectarian affair, for if it was ruled by St. Ann's, it would never be a success, as many deaf-mutes of other creeds would refuse to join unit it was strictly non-sectarian, and it less would be impossible for it to succeed unless all deaf-mutes, of whatever church, color or class, combined. In union there is strength. By making it a non-sectarian affair, union would be secured and, as a result, strength.

Remarks were made by Messrs. Brown, Wilkinson, Donnelly, Hogan, Bond and Froehlich, all of whom favored the guild, admired its object and were willing to become members, if a constitution would be formed to give fair play to Jew and Gentile alike. If such a thing is done, we apprehend that it will become the largest deaf-mute benevolent society in the world. At least 150 deaf-mutes of both sexes, residents of New York City and vicinity, will join, money will flow into the treasury and it will become a tower of strength.

About thirty names were signed on that evening by those who were willing to become members. Other deaf-mutes who were not present would do well to attend the next meeting on Tuesday, November 14th, at the same place and time. The constitution will then be placed in the hands of a committee for approved and permanent officers will be selected.

The C. L. U. held a business meeting last Wednesday, November 1st. The Chairman of the committee on

arrangements for the coming reception reported that he had secured Luster's orchestra for the occasion, that the tickets had been printed and would be ready for distribution among members at the next meeting. Most of the members were against selling the supper privilege to a caterer, as a general rule the suppers provided by such persons are of a very poor character, and they charge very high prices, but from a business standpoint, the supper privilege ought to be sold as "there's money in it," and the caterer must look out for himself. If his prices are too high, or his bill of fare too poor, supper can be purchased at neighbouring restaurants; several first class places being in the vicinity. Everything was settled satisfactorily except the supper privilege, which was left to the Committee to decide.

President Russell then took the floor, and made a few remarks about an event which happened three or four weeks ago, in which he was mixed up. This was done to set himself right in the eyes of the members, and let them decide what to do. The matter was put in the hands of the Board of Directors, who decided to let him off.

The meeting then adjourned. Mr. John Hogan is going around with three loaded Remington's in search of the person who started the report that he had taken his "eternal snooze," as he calls it.

There is a play now going on at the Casino, styled the "Queen's Lute Handkerchief." The play is a pantomime, and can be more easily understood by deaf-mutes than hearing persons.

"Brewery" Haas's flag still waves in the Vesey Street Cigar Factory. There lives in Philadelphia a deaf-mute who possesses inimitable cheek. The person referred to sails under the nom de plume of "Philadelphian," and would like to know if New York mutes would not have the kindness to postpone their levee till some time in January, so that they (the New Yorkers) could attend the levee to be held in Philadelphia. He probably forgot that the M. L. A. announced the date for holding its levee two weeks previous to anything coming from Philadelphia in the shape of an announcement that they intended holding a levee—and he also probably forgot the old motto "First come, first served." If Philadelphia wish New Yorkers to attend their levee, they must postpone the affair, as the M. L. A. will not postpone theirs.

Last Saturday evening, November 4th, was the date settled by the Twilight Union for visiting the American Institute Fair. It looked as if all the deaf-mutes residing in New York City and vicinity, had turned out en masse, for at every tour could be seen deaf-mutes all the way from the lower six to the upper ten.

The next meeting of the Twilight Union, will be held at the residence of Mrs. Bailey, 407 East 116th St., on next Saturday evening, Nov. 11th. This will be the first meeting of the Union held in New York for the 1882-1883 season.

X.

FANWOOD.

The first debate of the term took place in the chapel Saturday evening last. The subject, "Is the Sunflower more popular than the Rose?" was creditably handled. The supporters of the affirmative side were booked as C. W. Stowell and A. Capelli; the negative, D. Sullivan and E. Smith. W. Shanks took C. Stowell's place, owing to the pain which that gentleman was suffering from a swollen face, the result of poison ivy. The debate was prolonged for two hours, and the result of the voting was 72 for the rose and 51 for the sunflower. At the opening of the meeting, President Reaves made a few well-timed remarks concerning his nomination.

Messrs. J. Clark, and David Fox braved the cold winds on Sunday, and made the School a visit.

A couple of our officers witnessed the neat manner in which Myers, his champion American sprinter, ran away from the English champion George, in the championship half mile run on the Polo grounds Saturday afternoon last.

School commenced at half-past nine and closed at three o'clock in the afternoon on Election Day.

Alex. L. Pach and Frank M. Senior were among the first of our November visitors.

Mr. Rodstrand called Sunday and was immediately surrounded by his lady friends. He is doing well in the city.

Mr. Joshua R. Pimm, of Wolcott, N. Y., and his bride, formerly Miss Kate Beardsley, of Union Springs, N. Y., called at the Institution Monday last. Both are graduates of Fanwood. Mr. Pimm having left about the year 1865, and his wife about five years later.

Mrs. Backler, Director of the Brooklyn Orphan Asylum and Miss Hall, a teacher in one of the City public schools, accompanied by Mrs. F. D. Clarke, visited the printing office Tuesday last. They were much pleased with the office, and one of the ladies carried home one of the best specimens of colored work, which she said she would put in her scrap book.

Henry Stengele, Julius Lang and W. J. Reilly, being out of work for a day or two, took advantage of the opportunity to visit the school.

TUESDAY'S BUDGET.

George Fisher's birthday was celebrated in a rather odd manner. As soon as he had completed his morning toilet, he was seized by a score of boys, firmly bound from head to foot

with ropes, and three pairs of ice-cold water were thrown over him. He wore old clothes for the rest of the day.

"Hurrah for Cleveland," is what "X X X." sang out as he entered the printing office early in the afternoon. He brought a souvenir of the Anchor Line of steamships, as a present to the office.

"Cleveland has a dead snare thing of it," rattled off Johnny O'Brien's finger tips, as he came in with a rush not long after. Johnny voted the straight ticket, and was happy.

Politics took a back seat for a time when Mr. Osgood, of Natick, Mass., G. L. Reynolds and Moses Heyman came bounding in. The former gentleman will remain in the city several days.

"I don't care who's elected," belittled Alex. L. Pach, late in the afternoon, as he sidled in on his drumsticks. He brought a neat gift to the High Class in the shape of several photographs of the printers and pupils, arranged artistically on a background of plush.

Mr. Shotwell was observed early in the day in an animated political discussion with a head of cabbage in the garden.

LATER.—The cabbage came out second best.

Several of the employees of the Institution were seen frozen stiff in front of the Herald bulletin board from 7 to 11 P.M.

CHUR.

Columbia Institution.

In accordance with the programme for the meetings of our literary society which calls for an essay, a debate, a historical sketch and a criticism. Mr. Spahr, previously chosen, delivered before the members assembled last evening. A debate took place, after that delivery, on the question: Is gold more useful than iron? Mr. North siding with the affirmative, and Mr. Robertson, with the negative side.

Next, the president himself delivered a historical sketch on "Baron de Beaupre." The critic, Mr. Hyde, when called to the stand, said there was scarcely anything to criticize on the acting members' parts.

Mr. Robertson is to fill the vacant place of recording secretary.

Mr. Bell, of Virginia, tendered his resignation as a member of the reading club and literary society to the president last week, giving good reasons for doing so. It was accepted, and instantly acted upon.

The roll of honor for the month of October was read, by President Gallaudet, to the pupils last week. It consisted of thirty-six good names, and the president smiled a pleasant smile when he cast a glance over it.

Mr. Daniel Hyde, of Wilmington, Del., brother of three pupils here, paid us a flying visit two weeks ago.

It seems as if unexpected accidents are general occurrences now-a-days, at least one boy was stung on the eye the other day, and another fell down and came near being blessed with a broken knee-cap.

Robert Dailey has not yet returned to his old stand of scholarship. The last report we had of him, two weeks ago, was that he was no better and no worse.

Rev. Job Turner paid us a day's visit last week. He had no intention to do so, but missing his somewhere-bound train at Washington, it took him several hours to wait for another. So he thought he would spend that period in company with his friends here.

The "dear old hound and hare race" is the chief amusement among our boys now. They are also thinking of setting up a foot-ball club.

Mr. Van Ness, our steward, who had been spending a two weeks' New York vacation, returned home two or three weeks ago.

Mr. North has been unwell for the past few weeks, and therefore was unable to take any part in our sports.

Mr. Fish, Prof. Porter's friend, hailing from the West, paid the Institution a visit to-day.

JAKE RAKE DRAKE.
KENDALL GREEN, 9-4-82.

Michigan Letter.

MR. EDITOR:—The first number of your very interesting paper has arrived. We are highly pleased with all the news, which I perceive is all in the interest of our class, the silent people. They are many names of our friends of older times, which we are almost glad to see as if we had that which would be far more joyous, a happy meeting. And there is one item in the Boston column in regard to the wedding ring of Miss Brown, now Mrs. Fish. It is claimed that Mr. W. H. Krause engraved the name the first one he had ever done. Now I must step in front of Mrs. Fish and claim the honor of having my wedding ring engraved by our dear old time friend, Wallace H. Krause, in the year 1868, at Kalamazoo, Mich. We are so glad to see the name of Mr. Krause, and will say through the columns of the JOURNAL, when you come to Michigan, come to our little Burg, and make us a visit, we will be most happy to see you. Now, Mr. Editor, that little item in regard to the ring is what inspired me to write this letter, hoping you will give it a place in your paper, and I will promise you a letter once in a while. Many of your readers will recognize our name.

Respectfully yours,
Mrs. ROBERT F. CLARK.
Vicksburg, Mich., Oct. 31, '82.

COLUMBUS.

Happenings at Ohio's Capital.

OTHER ITEMS.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Autumn! How kindly we think of thee! Moreover, we love thee! Thon with thy Indian summer days smile benignantly upon us. Autumn is father like in all its bearings and dealings. It ever comes loaded down with the good things of the harvest for the children of the earth. The great Ohio Institution has already stored in its hundred of tons of coal, engaged its immense quantities of provisions, and secured everything else that makes up the comforts of life. So we will take leave of autumn with baggage carefully checked through.

Miss Louisa K. Thompson, our head teacher of articulation, left for the East on Wednesday, November 1st, on a tour of inspection of the articulation schools. She started on the noon train for Maryland, where she will stop at Frederick City with Principal Ely for a short time, and thence to Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia on business calls, and arriving in New York City, Miss Thompson will stay for a good while and learn all she can of the fresh mysteries of articulation teaching. After that, she will be in Hartford, Conn., and at Northampton, Mass. Possibly, though not probably, Miss Thompson will return by way of Boston. Her absence will occupy fully a month, if not longer.

The influx of visitors into our Institution goes on with unabated interest. But to see the door of the school-room open and the attention of the class divided, when the teacher at that moment is in the midst of a most laborious explanation of some knotty problem or difficult construction of grammar, is an evil that needs to be abated.

A thing of beauty, indeed, has our Russell Conservatory grown since it received marked attention from the painters, two weeks ago. This green house is being crowded to its full capacity with the returning plants for the winter. The flower beds (along the front side of the Institution at measured distances, and on the north side of the fountain) which have fostered the plants and helped to throw a halo of nature's grace and beauty throughout the season of their outdoor life, will soon return to its barren, cold and forlorn state.

Once more about the Columbus Base Ball, and then we are done with it, since Ryn and Dandan have abandoned its organization. The following from the Columbus Evening Times of October 30th, speaks for itself: "The game at the ball park yesterday between the Favorites, of Newport, Ky., and the Columbus nine, was witnessed by as large a crowd of people as have assembled at any game during the past season. The game was an animated and spirited contest, in which the visitors finally triumphed, by a score of six to two. Some misunderstanding has arisen between Ryn and Dandan and the Club, which resulted in the men refusing to play with the nine. To make matters worse, they played with the Favorites, and knowing their late comrades' weak points, it was an easy matter for them to discomfit them. Reader, of the frontons, pitched for the Columbus team, and was well supported behind the bat by Welch.

After all, the game was one of much interest, and well repaid the crowd for attending. The Columbus nine having resolved to continue the organization of their nine next season, yesterday engaged Reader, of the Iron-ton, and Schwarz, catcher of the Favorites, to play with them, in those positions."

The walls of the rooms in that long new brick building in the rear of the bookbindery of our Institution, have been plastered, and the men are still pushing on their work to a finished state. The ground immediately in front of this two-story shop remains covered with a great deal of rubbish.

The best solid set of roadways in the city of Columbus are undoubtedly State and Oak Streets at present, in consequence of which the value of real estate jumps high. Among the property owners of the latter street are one officer and two teachers of the Institution.

Our carpenter, Mr. Keene, has returned from his trip of inspection to the Illinois Institution. He speaks in the highest terms of the treatment he received while out there, and of their system of carpentry, which, he says, is exceedingly good, and will bring something to him when he gets down to teaching our boys the trade.

Diseases and their kindred agencies are rapidly disappearing from the premises and vicinity of our Institution, on account of the august presence of Jack Frost every morning.

It will be remembered that at the close of the June term, Mr. James M. Park started immediately for Southern California, remaining in that State for two months before he returned by way of San Francisco, over the Union Pacific Railroad. The Cliona Society

of this Institution, a society formed from the more advanced pupils of both sexes, succeeded, at last, in getting the Professor to lecture before the society in the chapel on Saturday evening a week ago. He entertained them for an hour with some very rich incidents from the fund of his travels. That the pupils appreciated his lecture highly, may be gathered from the fact that some of them recounted to us, with great relish a few of the fine points of the lecture which they had enjoyed.

Mr. Geo. Evans, of Springfield, O., was in the Queen City (Cincinnati), October 28th, and among other things, attended a meeting of the society there.

A postal from our late Superintendent, Mr. Chas. S. Perry, reports the safe arrival of the entire party at San Barbara, California, on Monday last week. Father Perry stood the long trip remarkably well.

Mr. Samuel C. Stebelton, class of 1878, still has steady work in Mr. Abbott's brickyard, located two squares east of this Institution. He comes here an evening of almost every week to see, besides friends, how his little brother gets along.

Little Lulu Atwood who has been threatened with a severe attack of malaria, but under the skilful care of her physician escaped and recovered in time to attend a surprise party the other evening on Franklin Avenue. She in turn was surprised by her father calling for her, as she thought, too soon; but the hours had sped on wings, it was most ten o'clock, and time for honest folks, big or little, to be in bed.

The Smithson people of Newport, Kentucky, have moved across the river and now reside on Deman Street, Cincinnati.

Our teachers' meetings take place on every first and third Monday evening of each month. So one was not had on Monday evening of October 30th, as we erroneously stated it would be.

Our pupils are counting the days when they may thank-give to their hearts' content. As Thanksgiving day draws nearer and nearer, so increases in size the turkey as it looms up in their minds' view.

Mrs. Jacob Wilson and children, of Pendleton County, Ky., are at Covington of that state, the guests of Mr. Hoagland.

Mrs. Geo. W. Halse has been heard from Chicago, as having, among other things, visited the Exposition there.

Hallow'een was observed here in our vicinity, but not to any very boisterous extent, so far as we have heard. One of our teachers had his front gate unhinged, carried off and hung up on a lamp post.

According to the Columbus Evening Times of October 31st, Dandan has joined the professional nine of Bay City, Michigan.

A crop of hair has been harvested, may be too close off the head of some of our boys, and as a consequence, instead of enjoying the novelty of the thing, they are suffering from colds and stiff necks, owing to a sudden change—from genial to cold weather.

Last week, one of these mornings opened bright but cold and very windy. Myriads of leaves were flying and dancing in every direction—a sure sign of autumn veering rapidly into the laps of winter.

In the "A" and "B" boys' evening study-rooms, long, narrow desks have taken the place of the long, wide tables on the left side of the room, just like those on the right side. We now see not only harmony of appearances, but also the fitness of all things.

"Misfortunes never come singly." Recently, Mr. Williams, of Youngstown, O., while getting over a fence, slipped and fell, severely spraining his ankle. Not thinking it seriously hurt, he kept at work, and went home at night. The next morning, however, he was laid up with a big swollen foot, and remained so for two days. Hardly had Mr. W. recovered, when his black mare (whether out of sympathy for her master, we have had no time to ascertain) took a notion into her head to be choked. The kind neighbors helped hurry her off to the city horse doctor, in whose hands she yet remains at last accounts.

In the yard by Russell conservatory on the north side, on Saturday afternoon last, was quite a number of our girls and boys gathered around what we concluded must be an attraction of some kind, and prompted by curiosity as well as by recollection of duty as a reporter, we sauntered up, and beheld two she-goats with their little kids, the latter of which received the greatest attention from all.

NUMBER SIXTEEN.

Philadelphia Institution.

Last week the young ladies of the Pennsylvania Inst. held a meeting in their chapel, when it was resolved to organize a society for the ensuing year. After a short discussion it was resolved to elect the officers by ballot; each member cast her vote when it was found that Miss Downey had been elected president by a majority of four. Miss Leffler, vice-president, Miss Mams, Secretary, and Miss Fahnstock, Treasurer. The society consists of sixteen members, most of them having been members of the Y. L. L. S. of which body Miss Foley was once president. The new society has chosen "Band of Hope" for its name, and for its motto "Touch not, taste not, handle not," and each member has pledged herself to use her influence in the cause of temperance among both sexes. The society will meet every Monday night in our spacious chapel, and each member is ex-

pected to take an active part in the exercises.

Oct. 31st being All Hallow Eve, the members of both the male and female societies resolved to give a fancy ball. The affair proved a most enjoyable one, the fancy costumes of the dancers being pronounced lovely. The playroom was gay with gaily dressed Chinese, Indians, m-n, clowns, beggars, negroes and princes of every nation. The clowns were the most comically dressed, and kept the company in convulsions of laughter the whole evening. Miss McKinney and the two clowns acted their roll to perfection, and as neither of them are pupils, we owe them a vote of thanks for their contributions to the evening's entertainment. Miss L. K. Nicholas superintended the dancing and costumes, and to her personal assistance and advice much of the success of the evening was due.

Thanksgiving is approaching, but the fat turkey is still invisible. Rumor has it that our h-keeper intends giving the older girls lessons in the culinary art. We are glad to hear it, and hope it may not prove only a rumor.

VIOLET.

A Wedding in Hartford, Ct.

It was the intention of a couple from out of town to be married on the first of November at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Weeks. That day was the anniversary of the birthday of the latter, who was the teacher of the bride in the New York Institution.

Preparations were made to receive the bridal pair, but an unforeseen event obliged a postponement of the marriage.

The second day of the month arrived, and at the hour when schools close for the day, the invited guests were assembled in the parlor of Mr. and Mrs. Weeks.

The bridal pair were conducted to seats in the drawing-room. The venerable Wm. W. Turner, former teacher of deaf-mutes and one time Principal of the American Asylum, now an octogenarian, stands up and calls upon the pair to arise also.

All eyes are fastened on the venerable clergyman and silence reigns, while the ceremony goes on. God's blessing on the happy pair being invoked, they join hands and octogenarian ties the nuptial knot. The guests now pass around and congratulate the wedded couple.

The company now are seated again, and cakes and ice cream are passed around. After the entertainment they take leave, and I hope they were well paid for their trouble in going to a silent wedding. The company consisted mostly of teachers in and officers of the American Asylum with their families, and the number present was about thirty.

The party wedded were Mr. Samuel Wilkinson and Miss Jane Morrow, both of Fall River, Mass. The bride was a pupil of Mr. Weeks, while he taught in the New York Institution.

The wedded pair were not negligent in paying a visit to their Alma Mater before taking their final departure.

The bride wore a tasteful wine-colored dress, and the whole suit to match. A neat nosegay was fastened to her left side.

The bridegroom wore a neat black suit, and had a neat nosegay in a button hole of his coat.

ONE OF HIS SPECTATORS.

FROM INDIANA.

DEAR JOURNAL:—Enclosed find \$2 to renew my subscription to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL for sixteen months. The JOURNAL is the most excellent and popular deaf-mute paper published in the country.

I have for twenty-one years been a subscriber to the JOURNAL and the *Catocharye Radii*.

I returned home a few weeks ago from an extended trip to the East, and spent nine weeks in visiting relatives and friends. I remained most of the time on my father's farm near Canandaigua, N. Y., and enjoyed a farm and harvest life. I visited Mr. and Mrs. Denton, Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle, Mr. and Mrs. Krebs, and Mr. and Mrs. Cuddeback, and also several other deaf-mute couples in Alloway, Wayne Co., N. Y. I had a splendid time. I saw several of the portraits and pictures painted by Artist Tuttle, of Geneva, N. Y., looking natural and fine.

Mr. Tuttle has patented gearing oars to row a boat fast.

On returning home, I visited Niagara Falls, Buffalo and Toledo, and had a pleasant time. I also visited Watkins Glen, and took a good deal of interest in the Glen. My journey ended, making over 1,500 miles. I have charge of a department in the Udell Wooden Ware Works, and attend to a folding-table making business. W. W. MILES.

NORTH INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 23, '82.

REV MR MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Cleveland, - - - - -	Nov. 1st.
Pittsburg, (3 P.M. Trinity Ch.) - - - - -	5th.
Pa., (7:30 P.M. Calvary) - - - - -	9th.
Steenbenville, O., - - - - -	6th.
Cleveland, O., - - - - -	9th.
Norwalk, O., - - - - -	10th.
Indianapolis, Ind., - - - - -	12th.
Cleveland, O., - - - - -	16th.
Detroit, Mich., - - - - -	Nov. 19th.
Ann Arbor, Mich., - - - - -	" 20th.
Milwaukee, Wis., - - - - -	" 21st.
St. Paul, Minn., - - - - -	" 22th.
Minneapolis, Minn., - - - - -	" 23th.
Faribault, Minn., - - - - -	" 24th.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

"THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH."

Gymnasium Work.

Items of Interest.

Yesterday morning, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of St. Ann's Church, New York City, arrived in Washington on his way north, and by request of the President, conducted the chapel services this afternoon. The opening invocation was made by President Gallaudet, after which Rev. Dr. Gallaudet began his sermon by selecting as his text the fourteenth verse of the twenty-fifth Psalm: "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant." Having read this, the reverend gentleman entered upon his interesting discourse on "The Christian Church," contrasting the difference between a professed Christian and an unbeliever in religion. In the course of his remarks, he made use of numerous biblical illustrations of an interesting character which added greatly to the interest of the sermon. His closing words advised his listeners to become communicants of the Church of Christ, and not only in word and form, but in deed and action, for only such a connection can be productive of good results.

In the evening he assisted at confirmation services which were held at the Episcopal Church of the Ascension. Two deaf-mute ladies, the Misses Annie and Katie Elliott, were confirmed, while a large number of students and nudes from the city were present at the services.

On Thursday afternoon the preliminary steps were taken for the re-opening of the

COLLEGE GYMNASIUM.

All the students were present, and required to determine how many times they could push and pull on the parallel and horizontal bars respectively. The regular class work will be resumed to-morrow afternoon, by which time the students will be separated into platoons. After this is accomplished, the next thing will be the election of a gymnasium Captain, vice Mr. Saxton, graduated. The election of a captain is vested in the students, and is decided by a majority vote, the candidates being from the Senior Class. It is impossible to surmise who the new captain will be, though a satisfactory decision of the question will have been reached in time to be chronicled in our next.

Meanwhile the foot ball eleven is training pretty hard and doing excellent work. Each member is required to take a spin of a mile or more every evening before retiring, and in addition is expected to be present at the practice contests, which are held three times a week. However, the team is not a bit too soon in getting ready, as already indications are visible of their having a pretty bright season. The Alexandria High School team have been heard from with a request for a friendly game on Wednesday. It is not likely that the Kendalls will go down on that day, but they will be on hand on the Saturday following, when either a match, or a friendly game will be played. Our boys much rather prefer a match game, and probably their wishes will be acceded to by the Alexandrians.

BRIEFS.

By request of the students, the swimming pool will remain open till December 1st.

Adams, 86, left Washington on Friday evening for his home in Dubuque, Iowa, to take part in the elections on Tuesday next.

An asphalt pavement has been laid on the basement floor of the old building, and gives a much neater appearance to the place.

A nephew of Prof. Porter, hailing from Minneapolis, Minn., has been visiting his uncle at the College for the past week.

Rev. B. M. Fay, father of Dr. Fay, is at present sojourning at his residence on Faculty Row. He is able to move about with the aid of crutches, and it is believed he will soon be completely recovered.

The coming elections form the principal topic of discussion among our rising statesmen. The students are equally divided as regards politics, and take a lively interest in the current political news of the day. Some wagers have been made in the coming elections, the stakes being pie, or some such digestible substance.

LE-TRE MONTROUSE.

KENDALL GREEN, Nov. 5, 1882.

The Boston

PHILADELPHIA.

HALLOW EVE AT THE INSTITUTION.

VARIOUS ITEMS.

With the Bi-centennial past, we now look forward for the coming of Thanksgiving Day, then Christmas, the Levee, and lastly "de'appy nu yar."

At the latter time the old year will have been gone, it's festivities too, and we have entered upon a new one with no Bi-centennial, probably, no levee, and we suppose with less wedding parties. However, this is not all. The jival times designed to pay us a visit but recently.

This was on Hallow eve, which all know came on Tuesday, Oct. 31. It being a time when a great deal of fun is usually had, the pupils at the Institution, of course, did not fail to enjoy it. They were nicely prepared for the occasion, especially the girls, who, fascinating as they were, made a fair impression on the opposite sex.

At about half past eight, or almost immediately after chapel service, the whole school of little girls had gathered in their large play-room, and seated around, they calmly though eagerly watched to see what was going on, many of them not yet comprehending the nature of the evening.

Suddenly there came popping, running and bounding into the play room two male clowns, with two females in the rear to match them. The little girls looked at them with surprise and for a while the fun was great, all evidently enjoying it. Then, in the midst of the "rollicking," opened a door, that leads from the school rooms into the play-room, and out came marching slowly, in "merry two's," of from twenty to twenty five oddly dressed girls to participate in the celebration.

Of these, one in particular was beautiful. She wore a dress with a trail, whose color was a strong contrast to her complexion, which was light. Next to her may be the one who represented a Princess. She was attired in white, and her face exhibited a continuous smile. "Violet," methinks, represented a Dutch Belle, in which she was quite successful. Several other ludicrous characters were shown.

As the line marched around the room all attention was given it, and the clowns finding they were no longer the object of view, got jealous and resolved upon some new course by which they hoped to regain attention. One of them (Mr. Lee) ran to the side of the "Princess" at the head of the line, and commenced to blow his whistle, dance, turn his slender pointed hat on the floor and make all sorts of (clownish) love, expecting a reciprocation; but the young lady was calm and only smiled at him. The other clown (Mr. Barker) chose another beauty, and acting similarly he added greatly to the fun.

Some of the male pupils had been kindly permitted to join in the mirth-making, and they did so, thus increasing the number of characters. Sambo was represented by Mr. McDonnell, and "Dinah" by Mr. Harris, while the "Young American" appeared as a "Chinney Sweeper." A general confusion, and merriment presently followed and continued until ten o'clock, when all dispersed, declaring to have had an enjoyable time.

Is it true, that the Reading Literary Society has "burst"? We are surprised if it did, but it is more surprising to hear that one of the young ladies is to blame for it. Can it be possible? Are ladies injurious to Society? We never thought so; on the contrary, we considered them a help.

Now that the levee is assured, our mute friends, old and young should not fail to make it an enjoyable union. Be thoughtful too, and do not forget your mute "sister." It may chance that she will be willing to attend, but is restricted from so doing, because no one offered her the blissful service of an escort.

Among the various places of interest here, is Art Memorial Hall, situated in Fairmount Park, to which the writer lately paid a visit. It contains a large collection of curiosities, and is open free to visitors every day excepting Monday forenoon. It is accessible by several street-car lines, and the price of fare is only six cents. Our deaf friends who propose to attend the levee may enjoy themselves by paying a visit to it.

Miss Hettie Whitman, of Reading, Pa., Mr. Clement Parham, of Birdsboro, and Mr. Timothy Parvis and sister, of Lancaster, spent the Bi-centennial with us.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison celebrated their tin-wedding at their residence, No. 720 N. 36 St., on the 28th ult. About forty-five mates were present, who spent a good time.

On the 23d ult., a party was held to celebrate the birthday of Miss Lizzie Smith at her home, No. 2020 Fairmount Ave. Over fifteen deaf-mutes were invited, and they enjoyed a delightful time. Miss Smith was presented with a handsome gold watch by her father.

Two other wedding parties will be given within two months.

LITTLE REP.

The preparation of advanced pupils for College.

BY AMOS G. DRAPER, M.A., WASHINGTON, D. C.

From the American Annals of the Deaf & Dumb

It has been said that most important part of a man's education is received at his mother's knee. Certainly early influences go far to control later development. Nowhere is this more true than with reference to the fitting of pupils for college. The mission of the College at Washington is but to carry onward what the Institutions have well begun. It seldom lays the foundations of scholarship and character; scarcely even does it shape the building; its powers go rather to strengthen, solidify, and adorn the structures that other and earlier hands have wisely reared.

The present is therefore a suitable time to speak of this preparation. In doing so, I shall mention the several subjects which have most engaged my attention in those who have come to the College, and in their careers while there.

ENGLISH.

Here, as must always be said in referring to the education of the deaf, the first and foremost requisite is the ability to use and to understand the English language. It is the ladder upon which the student must rise, from the time when in his first year he grapples with algebraic problems, until as a senior he traces the subtleties of Butler's Analogy. Some students, not wanting in other respects, have failed, and with many success has been incomplete, for the lack of this single ability.

It would, perhaps, not be proper for one who has had less experience in the earlier stages of instruction than any here present to advance theories as to teaching English; nor is such my intention.

But there is one practice of which it seems to me, too little is made. I refer to the use of connected language in ordinary intercourse with advanced pupils. No doubt we use speech, writing, or the manual alphabet in the school-room; they convey the formal question and answer. But at other times we, instructors as well as pupils, are, I fear, apt to fall into the easy *abandon* of the sign-language; whereas, all admit that speech, writing, or dactylography can profitably be made the habitual, customary, and constant means of intercourse with pupils.

If instructors cultivate a habit of addressing advanced pupils in one of these ways, will not the pupils soon respond? Will they not in time form the habit themselves? Will they not come to feel the fact that to fall back upon the sign-language is to confess weakness? I think so, for nothing teaches like example; and the habit once formed, their improvement in idiomatic English will be certain to follow, for it will proceed upon the axiom that practice makes perfect.

Many examples of its efficacy are in my mind. The latest impressed me not a little. Only a few days ago a bright Irish boy of twenty came to see me. He came from the Institution under whose hospitable roof we met. His hearing was lost in infancy—before he could speak. I addressed him at once by spelling, expecting to see him nonplussed, but he replied readily in the same way; and for a quarter of an hour we conversed entirely by spelling. Sometimes he hesitated a little; he used quaint expressions now and then; but I do not recall a single mutism. I asked him how he arrived at the power, and he said one of his teachers had often told him to spell—to spell habitually.

Contrary cases, of advanced pupils who cannot express even common-places in good English, are all too plentiful. We see young men of fine ability, advanced in study, possessed of much information. In the sign-language they can express a wide range of ideas with clearness and cogency; but if asked to spell, they flounder and "mouth" and wriggle; finally sinking back, abashed into the easy, fluent, expressive, but (in its effect upon English) chaotic and mischievous language of signs.

Is it not true, and even self-evident, that all such would be greatly helped if early led to form a habit of spelling? And can we lead them to that habit more effectually than by setting them the example?

ARITHMETIC.

A second and indispensable part of the pupil's preparation is arithmetic. Indeed it may be said that this and English are the mental legs upon which he must stand at the start. With a good preparation in these, there is little doubt of his success in other studies.

Arithmetical principles so underlie all mathematics that the student who has grasped them will find his path through the higher branches comparatively clear. Much, also, will be gained to his whole mental character by the development of his power of attention and his ideas of order, value, proportion. "Teach a boy arithmetic thoroughly," says John Bright, "and he is a made man."

As in the teaching of English, so in arithmetic, I think less depends upon the theory than upon the practice. Given a pupil fairly intelligent, a teacher sympathetic and patient, and given much time in which to twist and turn and practise upon each principle involved, and success is assured. In the earlier stages, a great deal of purely mental work is most helpful; employing dactylography, or, if possible, speech, and not using the pencil at all. Afterwards I would give written examples—greater in number and variety than any single text-book affords.

In many institutions I think too little time has been given to arithmetic. Pupils who seemed bright, or those who possessed the "fatal facility" of scribbling English merely, have been passed on to the higher branches before they were fairly grounded in the rudiments of arithmetic. The latter was my own case, and the consequences have not ceased to hamper me.

In arithmetic, as in English again, the difference is most marked between the pupil who has learned to express himself in connected language and one who has not. There are those who can "do" examples in abstract numbers all the way from addition to cube root, but cannot define a decimal fraction, nor construe the language of simple problems. Such pupils, when they come to the higher branches, may work well in a book like *Wentworth's Geometry*, which demonstrates theorems wholly or chiefly by algebraic methods, but they stumble sadly when required to use one like *Loomis's*, which employs the language of reasoning to reach the same end. This is doubly unfortunate, since there are no better examples of the language of reasoning than good text-books on geometry afford.

I am happy to end this portion of my paper by saying that there has been a marked improvement in arithmetic noticeable among the pupils who have come to College during the last few years.

LIP-READING.

Owing to want of time, some important subjects cannot be formally taught at the College. Among them are articulation and lip-reading. Regular instruction in these requires much time; more than a student can command who is expected to recite daily in three studies, as well as to write and correct the attendant exercises.

Hence, the student's improvement in articulation and lip-reading will depend mainly upon his own efforts. He will have abundant opportunities to practice in his intercourse with students intelligent and skillful as himself, with the many hearing persons in and about the College, and with his friends outside.

But I confess my fear that, as to lip-reading, not much can be expected from these sources.

Not because the students do not value lip-reading, but because lip-reading cannot satisfy their social needs.

When we pick out sixty or seventy of our oldest and ablest pupils and place them together to pursue studies under a common system, the social result is precisely the same as it would be if they could hear and speak. There is fan and friction, mental rivalry, and endless debate. No indistinct utterance will then suffice. The passions and emotions thus aroused will burst forth in whatever language is at once most natural, most flexible, most forcible, and most keenly appreciated by spectators.

Can any method of intercourse which involves lip-reading answer to this direction? Does any one ever see the swift jest run round the happy circle by means of lip-reading—see it tossed about, twisted, turned, and returned with that brevity which is the soul of wit? Does the impetuous democrat ever tackle the confident republican in that manner? Can disputants attack and defend the theory of evolution by reading one another's lips? Is *Childe Harold* ever quoted to any one in that way, or *Hamlet* burlesqued? And are all these things done with ease and pleasure to actors and spectators?

Such passages, expressed by signs and spelling, are of constant occurrence among the students. To many of them to whom Providence has vouchsafed no other natural utterance, the sign-language is prose and poetry and music. For many purposes it is as free and boundless as speech itself. It does not minister to their social enjoyment alone; not to mention the lectures of the faculty, the public exercises of their literary society, made possible by signs and spelling, have been a source of great benefit to them—improving their English, sharpening their wits, increasing their self-possession, and impelling them to acquire the stores of information necessary to attack and defend effectively.

Moreover, their hearing friends outside often delight to learn the manual alphabet. It is to them a new accomplishment, as well as certain and speedy means of communication. Scores in Washington, if not hundreds, have learned it. Often in my walks some roguish urchin or sweet-faced little girl whom I never saw before will put up a hand and spell to me.

From all this it results that while many students improve in speech very few do in lip-reading. Those who do must possess uncommon powers of self-denial. Not only is their mental horizon contracted, but their intercourse even upon commonplace topics is greatly restricted. In the nature of things, lip-reading must always be more or less slow, labored, tentative, uncertain; and where there is a constant demand for patience on the part of both speaker and seer there can be, in general, no such social enjoyment.

But while I think it unwise to overlook the limitations of lip-reading, I beg not to do misunderstood. Far from wishing to disparage it, I have a keen appreciation of its practical value. One of my greatest regrets is that it was not my good fortune to study it as a boy. And this is written for that reason; because I esteem it so highly, and therefore would have it taught to all proper

subjects, and its importance impressed upon them when, if ever, it can be done effectually—in the plastic years of early youth.

TRADES.

Another most important part of the student's preparation for life, which, for reasons already stated, cannot be taught at the College, is the mastery of a trade.

Some go to College thinking of it as a road to a teacher's position and freedom from manual labor. We must remember that this is not true of the deaf alone, but of young men in general at this time. It is often a fatal mistake. Positions involving intellectual labor alone fall to comparatively few; and should a student fail of one, nor know a handicraft, his case is indeed deplorable. What can he do? He can peddle, or get "odd jobs" of unskilled labor, or a little ill-paid "copying" now and then.

But the educated man who also knows a trade is the true king of existence. Even Franklin congratulated himself that he could not fall into want, for he would go back to his typewriting and composing-stone, if necessity drove; and this at the height of his prosperity and fame, when the world was echoing with Turgot's sentiment that *eripuit caelo fulmen scripturamque tyrannis*.

Therefore, however brilliant the pupil's prospects, however much he may justly hope from a collegiate education, let him learn a trade; let him be encouraged to hew to the line, to push the plane to a nicety, to marshal the types, to till the paternal acres; and then, if his higher aspirations fail, he will still have a sure resource against the pinch of want or the shame of dependence.

TOBACCO.

There are some personal habits, generally begun in early life and very difficult to eradicate, against the formation of which I think we ought to guard our pupils.

The use of tobacco is one of them. I trust I do not approach this question in any pharisaical spirit. I do not lift hands in holy horror from the aroma of a good cigar floats to me upon the breeze. I can readily admit that for persons of a certain age and temperment the habit of smoking may be harmless.

Yet in wishing to protect our pupils against the habit of using tobacco in any shape, I stand upon a principle which, I think, will be assailed by no one, and certainly by no physician. It is this: that for very young men—for boys—the use of tobacco is always and necessarily hurtful. A narcotic so powerful, being habitually absorbed by a growing and immature organism, must tend to deaden the action and stunt the growth of that organism. Common sense assures us of this, and science confirms it.

I need not speak of minor objections—of countenances disfigured and soiled, of fetid breath, of stained rooms, halls, and doorways; of expense; of the danger of arousing appetites which crave still more mischievous drugs.

If we recognize the fact that the use of tobacco by boys is an obstacle in the path of their mental and physical improvement, that is reason enough for persuading them either not to form the habit at all, or to put it off to adult years, when their judgments, their purses, their brains and bodies will be better able to sustain it.

EXERCISE.

This whole subject of the right physical growth of our pupils is deserving of the greatest attention. The same causes that render them deaf often leave seeds of weakness in their systems which develop when any strain is put upon them. Whatever we can do to bless them with sound and well-knit frames is among the first of our duties, for thereby we shall store up the energy, courage, and temper, without which their best gifts will be of little worth.

The friends of the College have long perceived this source of failure, and sought to provide against it. During the past year the students have enjoyed an excellent gymnasium and swimming pool. Regular attendance at the former is required. Exercises under a special instructor are both concerted and individual. The results have been gratifying, but it will be seen that much will be gained if the pupil's own attention is early directed to this matter, and his efforts guided.

Extensive gymnasia and instructors are helpful, but not indispensable. Exercises in concert can easily be invented or taken from books, and older pupils can act as instructors. Let the pupils have, too, as much time as possible for independent exercise in the open air. All the better will it be if officers and instructors take a hearty interest in their sports.

MORALS.

The last point to which I shall direct attention is also the most important of all. When a graduate leaves the College halls, how shall we estimate his present worth and future promise to society? Not mainly by his intellectual and physical excellence. The keenest mathematician, the most brilliant essayist, and the fleetest runner do indeed gather in the prizes of their day; but the true prizeman is he who gives most promise that he will pursue a career characterized by energy, by courage, by largeness of heart, and fidelity to duty.

With such a character would we endow our graduates, one and all; but often the power to do so resides not so much in the hands of college

officers and instructors as in those of institutions and primary schools. The spring and the steamlet may be guided, but the river sweeps on resistlessly.

Moreover, the College is and ought to be a place of comparative freedom. We cannot gild the students about with rules and guards. They are approaching manhood, and must learn to stand alone. There is indeed at the College but one vestige of institutional control: certain hours are set apart which it is understood shall be devoted to study. But the wisdom of even this rule is already debated, and its abrogation is perhaps only a question of time. The student must maintain his rank in scholarship, and avoid open offence; otherwise he is free.

For any boy, therefore, the change from institution to college is a transition. While he inherits a wealth of time to use or misuse, he has little experience to guide him.

Whatever, then, can be done in advance to strengthen his self-control is of the first importance.

Besides a general influence to this end, I think some simple text-book on morals could be profitably used during his last year at the institution. Worth more than all will be the earnest, warning, affectionate words of some principal or teacher whom the pupil loves and respects.

In a paper like this perhaps a spirit of criticism may seem to exist. If so, it is utterly disclaimed. All is said from a consciousness that the work of the College is largely dependent upon that of the institutions. Each will be helped by a sympathetic correspondence with the other. The College would take your best pupils and return them to you and to society with stronger bodies, with abler minds, with firmer characters; but it relies not wholly upon itself—it craves all kind and intelligent assistance. And what is written is written purely to that end.

Mackay Institution for Protestant Deaf-Mutes.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The 12th Annual Meeting of the Mackay Institution for Protestant Deaf-Mutes, was held in the Synod Hall. Among those present we noticed the Very Rev. Dean Baldwin, Rev. Principal Dawson, C. M. G., Rev. Canon Norman, Rev. G. H. Wells, Rev. Robert Campbell, Rev. Canon Ellegood, Rev. Dr. Wilks, Rev. James Fleck, Rev. Canon Carmichael, Rev. Thomas Gales, Rev. D. V. Lucas, Messrs. J. W. Wiggitt, (Mayor of Sherbrooke), Thomas Cramp, H. A. Nelson, H. Shorey, David Morrice, Charles Alexander, N. B. Corse, R. W. Shepherd, P. S. Ross, and —Rogers.

In the absence of the President, Mr. Edward Mackay, the Very Rev. Dean Baldwin presided, and the Rev. Dr. M. Vear opened the proceedings with prayer.

The Dean expressed the great pleasure which he felt at seeing such a large gathering of the friends of the institution, and said he did not wonder at it, because he was sure they all felt a great interest in this institution. He referred to the helplessness of the deaf and dumb, and how terribly blank their life would be without education, and said they could not help but feel that this was a great and good work.

The Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. P. S. Ross, then read the annual report of the Board of Managers, together with his financial statement. The Board presented their report under circumstances which called for great thankfulness. When they met the friends of the institution at the last annual meeting they were depressed by the existence of a debt, the interest on which made considerable yearly inroad upon their funds, and they also had to bear other causes of despondency, but now the debt of \$5,500 had been wiped out by the liberality of a large number of warmhearted friends of the institution, and the building and grounds had been greatly improved. The managers were now looking forward to the extension of the benefits of the institution to its fullest capacity. The number of pupils entered during the year was the largest ever on the roll, and energetic steps were being taken to increase the number during the present year. The old property at Cote St. Antoine had been disposed of, and the results of the sale, added to the payment of the floating debt of \$5,500, had relieved the Board of Management of a total debt of \$13,500, with its accompanying interest, but though practically out of debt, it should not be forgotten, that only by constant and renewed liberal support of those interested in this benevolent work, can the Institution be enabled to perform satisfactorily the purpose for which it was founded and established. The Managers recorded with pleasure the receipt of the Mackay legacy of \$2,000, to which executors of the estate of the late Mr. Joseph Mackay added \$3,000, making a handsome addition to the Endowment Fund. To this fund had also been added the sum \$250, donated by Mr. R. Benny. The following friends of the Institution died during the past year:—Mr. G. W. Weaver, Major Mills, Mr. James Johnston, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Nelson and Mrs. Learmont.

The report concluded with a vote of thanks to all the friends who had so generously assisted the Managers during the year.

Rev. Canon Norman read a very satisfactory report of the annual examinations held by him in the Institution in June last. A summary of the report of his already appeared in the *Herald*.

The report of the Principal, Mr. Widd, showed that the attendance during the past year had been 35—21 boys and 14 girls. Ten paid full fees, 14 in part, and 11 were free pupils. The income from the pupils' fees was \$1,635, being more than during any previous year. Eighty-five deaf-mutes have benefited by the Institution since its opening in 1870. During the past year printing was the only trade taught to suitable boys, and that for only two or three hours a day when the Institution report and other matter was being printed. The report concluded by tendering thanks to the various donors for gifts and services. The report of the Lady Superintendent, Miss McGann, showed that there were ten pupils in the articulation class whose progress had been most gratifying. A knowledge of speech and lip-reading constitutes a most important part in the education of the deaf. Not only semi-mutes, but those who were born without the sense of hearing can acquire spoken language by means of Bell's system of visible speech. Attention is also paid to the instruction of the girls in needlework, cooking and other household accomplishments.

The Very Rev. Dean Baldwin moved, seconded by the Rev. G. H. Wells, "That the report of the Managers, the Principal, the Lady Superintendent, and Canon Norman, along with the Treasurer's financial statement just read, be received, adopted and printed for circulation, and that the following be elected for Governors for the ensuing year, to act along with the Life Governors and Governors *ex officio* of this Institution:—Messrs. F. Wolferstan Thomas, F. McKenize, J. McLennan, T. M. Thomson, R. W. Henneker, J. Hickson, R. Benny, D. Morrice, H. A. Nelson, Jonathan Hodgson, A. F. Gault, Alex. Murray, E. K. Greene, Dr. Scott, R. W. Shepherd, Rev. Canon Norman, Mrs. Chas. Morton, Mrs. T. Cramp, Mrs. F. W. Thomas, Mrs. Major, Mrs. Claxton, Mrs. Moat, Mrs. Dow, Mrs. J. H. R. Molson, Mrs. P. S. Stevenson, Mrs. Dr. Sutherland, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. J. McDougall, Mrs. J. Molson, Mrs. G. W. Simpson, Miss Learmont, Miss Shepherd, Mrs. Dr. Scott, Mr. McKeddie, and Mrs. Eimhorst. And that the following be elected honorary members:—Lady Galt, Mrs. P. Redpath, Mrs. Dean Baldwin, Mrs. T. Workman, Mrs. J. W. Dawson, Mrs. C. J. Brydges, Mrs. Bagg, Mrs. J. D. Crawford, Miss Stirling, Mrs. Greene, Mrs. H. Lyman and Mr. C. J. Brydges."—Carried.

Interesting exhibitions were then given by the pupils, including exercises in articulation, visible speech, nursery rhymes in signs, naming trades, &c., by signs, reading essay on the blessing of education to the deaf-mute, the Lord's prayer, etc. The exercises in visible speech were particularly interesting. Master Frank Wiggitt, son of the Mayor of Sherbrooke being worthy of special mention. He pronounced such words as Constantinople, Kamskatchka, neuralgia, Caughnawaga, and also several words in other languages quite plainly. Miss McGann certainly deserves the highest praise for the efficiency of her teaching in this department. Some excellent specimens of drawing and printing done by the pupils were also shown.

Rev. Dr. Wilks moved, seconded by Rev. Canon Carmichael, "that the thanks of the subscribers to and friends of the Institution be, and are hereby given to the office-bearers, managers, and officers of the Institution, for their efforts to promote its interests, and for their zeal and diligence in the prosecution of its objects which have resulted so successfully in the past year, and also that especial thanks are due and hereby tendered to those kind friends, through whose active instrumentality the financial position of the Institution has this year been so greatly improved."—Carried.

Rev. Principal Henderson moved, seconded by Principal Dawson, C. M. G., "That, in view of the encouraging reports now received, the Managers of the Institution be requested to extend the benefits of it to its fullest capacity, and the friends present pledge themselves to aid in this good work, with their personal sympathy and their assistance in procuring the necessary means to do so."—Carried.

After a vote of thanks to Dean Baldwin for his able conduct in the Chair, the proceedings were brought to a close by the Benediction being pronounced by the Rev. Robert Campbell.

Scraps of Humor.

When luck knocks at the door, it often finds the man inside too lazy to lift the latch. —*Whitehall Times*.

The Czar of Russia thinks that promotion in that country is entirely too rapid. Although he holds one of the highest positions in the world, his loving subjects are anxious to exalt him still higher—with a bomb.—*Baltimore Evening Saturday*.

"How is your business now?" inquired a gentleman of a North Side physician. "Improving, thank you, improving very fast; in fact I may say that since I have quit visiting patients, I have materially enlarged my practice." "Why, don't you visit patients any more?" inquired the gentleman. "Then how have you enlarged your practice?" "O, I stay in my office and sell school certificates that they have the whooping cough, and ought not to be allowed to go to school."—*Chicago Cheek*.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY

FINE GOLD WATCHES.

Stem-winding, \$50 to \$75 and upwards.

Ladies' \$25 to \$60 and upwards

SILVER HUNTING AMERICAN WATCHES

Stem-winding, \$12 to \$18.

Our reputation for good time-keeping Watches has been known for forty years, and our standard is better than ever.

JEWELRY,

Silver and Plated Ware

of all the newest designs, always in stock. We challenge comparison for quality of work in

WATCH REPAIRING.

all of which is done on the premises.

Old Gold and Silver taken in Exchange.

GEO. W. WELSH'S SONS, NO. 253 GREENWICH ST.,

Cor. Park Place, N. Y.

OLDEST ESTABLISHMENT DOWN TOWN

PORTRAITS.

A fine 11x14 photograph of the members of the

TEACHERS' CONVENTION,

recently held in

JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

Will be sent to any address for \$1.00.

Also a

Group Portrait

of the

ILLINOIS REUNION

for the same price.

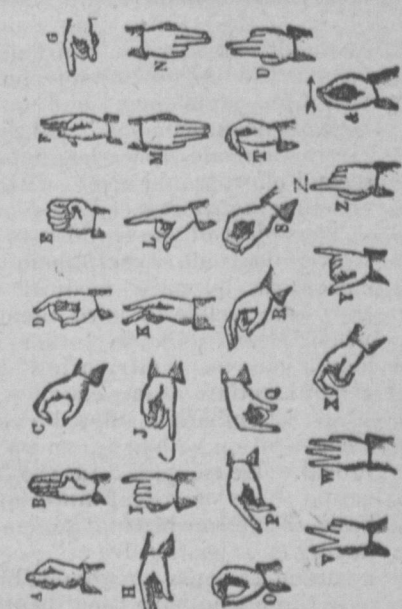
Remember the price is \$1 for each picture. Send orders to

CLENDON & NICHOLS, Jacksonville, Ill.

MANUAL ALPHABET

AND

CALLING CARDS COMBINED.



We are printing Manual Alphabet Visiting or Calling Cards, of the best quality, cheaper than any publishing office in America.

Your name neatly printed on the reverse side, in stylish type, and the cards sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of price, to any part of the United States and Canada.

PRICE LIST:

50 Cards with name, 25 cents.
100 " " " 50 "

Address

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,

STATION M,

New York City.



We continue to act as solicitors for patents, caveats, trade-marks, copyrights, etc., for the United States, and to obtain patents in Canada, England, France, Germany, and all other countries. Thirty-six years' practice. No charge for examination of models or drawings. Advice by mail free. Patents obtained through us are noticed in the *SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN*, which has the largest circulation, and is the most influential newspaper of its kind published in the world. The advantages of such a notice every patentee understands. This large and splendidly illustrated newspaper is published WEEKLY at \$3.20 a year, and is admitted to be the best paper devoted to science, mechanics, inventions, engineering works, and other departments of industrial progress, published in any country. Single copies by mail, 10 cents. Sold by all news-dealers. Address, Munn & Co., publishers of Scientific American, 261 Broadway, New York. Handbook about patents mailed free.